THE GIRL PROPOSITION

By GEORGE ADE

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George Ade

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A Bunch of He and She Fables

By

GEORGE ADE

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THE *illustrations, in imitation of the old-style wood-cuts, are by John T. McCutcheon, Frank Holme, Carl Werntz, and Clyde J. Newman.*

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Preface

THE GIRL PROPOSITION involves so many kinds of Human Endeavor that it has been found inadvisable to treat the Subject exhaustively in a mere Pocket Guide. The Purpose of this Volume shall have been accomplished if Students are aroused to a keener Interest in the sprightly Topic and feel encouraged to undertake Original Research, verifying by Experiment the Conclusions herewith set down. It has been suggested to the Author that there is no piercing demand for a Work of this character, inasmuch as several millions of Investigators are already devoting the greater portion of their Time to a sincere consideration of the Girl Proposition, and the number of Experts is increasing hourly. In reply it may be urged that a Treatise of this Description cannot possibly discourage their Efforts and it may help a lot.

THE AUTHOR.

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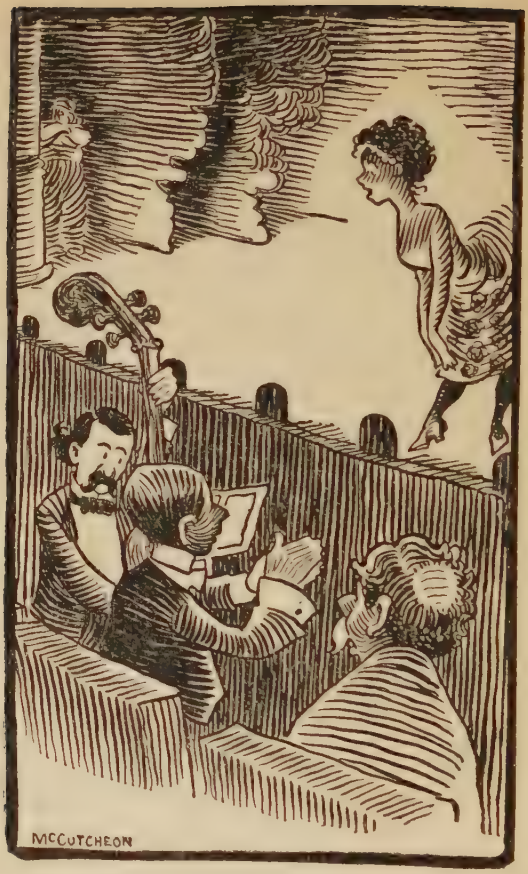
The Fable of the Long-Range Lover, the Lollypaloozer and the Line of Talk

ONE evening while at a Dramatic Entertainment consisting of 22 Coon Songs, a Rising Young Lawyer looked across the Parquette and nearly blinded himself. He thought he had seen some 24-carat Tizums when he had attended College and hung around the Fem Sem, but the Girl that he now beheld was in a class by herself. She made Cleopatra look like Martha the Sewing Girl. And Venus arising from the Sea was a squizzly old Soap Advertisement in three elementary Colors.

The fair Unknown had a pair of Incandescent Headlights, a Complexion like the Sunset Blush on a Snow-Bank, and enough Hair rising above her to fit out two Girls of her size. She was somewhat attired in a Whipped-Cream delicatessen Delirium with mauve-colored Galluses. When she fanned herself it



The Drama.

could be seen that she had put some Jeweller out of the Business.

It is very seldom that one sees anything of that kind except in the back part of a Magazine.

Of course, she did not know that the Opera Glasses were being pointed at her, even by those who sat two Rows in front. If she had known that, it would have annoyed her a lot. It always annoys a Young Woman who has put on $1200 worth of Hurrah Clothes to have a lot of Strange Men do the Waldorf-Astoria Inspection. The only thing that annoys her more than that is to have these same Goodyear Specialists overlook her entirely.

When some 47 would-be Lady-Stealers are giving a Circus Maiden the Grand-Stand Eye, she has to be in fine Condition if she can sit through it and not let on. The Unknown was still a Bud, and yet she was thoroughly up in the Part. She was unconscious of her own Hit, and she was determined to keep on being unconscious.

Among the other Things she wore that

Evening was a featherweight Escort who had Percy written all over him. The Men were wondering why any Peacherette with a Kentucky Shape, who could take her pick of all Mankind, should want to carry such a sad Specimen of Incubus. He was one of these 90-pound Wrap-Holders who showed his Teeth when he was pleased. He belonged out at Mother's Place, in the Country, feeding the White Rabbits. Every Man who saw him snuggling up to the Unknown hoped that he would fall down and break his Leg.

The Rising Young Attorney caromed on both sides of the Aisle when he went out, for he was still looking at the Dream. He hid behind a Bill-Board and saw her come out with the Human Weasel.

On his way to the Boarding House he walked two Blocks past the Place. The Unknown had him trancified. He imagined himself riding with her in a Golden Automobile through a Grove of Violets. There was a Music Box Attachment under the Seat and she was fighting to hold his Hand. He came to

The Lollypaloozer.

just in time to save himself from walking into the River.

This Attorney was an emotional Young Fellow. He had a high John C. Calhoun Forehead and the yearning Look of a Genius who would like to trade a College Education for something to eat. From the Moment when the Goddess flashed across his Pathway, he was Stung in eight different Places. All during Business Hours he looked off into Space without seeing anything in Particular and he was thinking of Her.

One Day he saw her on the Other side of the Street. It made him google-eyed and he walked off the Curb. Another time she zipped past him on a Trolley. Every time he spotted her, she looked at least 40 per cent. better than the time before.

"I'm for her," he told himself.

Once he saw her coming out of a Department Store and she made the others look like the Odds and Ends of a Rummage Sale. He heard her Rippling Laugh and noted the Gibson Shirt-Waist, and then he was worse off than ever. A

Thinking of Her.

Friend who was with him said that her name was Clarice. So he told his Friend: "Any time that you read about Clarice being engaged, start in to drag the River."

When he heard that she had gone to a Summer Hotel, he trailed her and continued his long-distance Worship. He was afraid to get too near for fear that he would curl up and have a Spasm.

Who was he, a Legal Worm, that he should dare to crave a Word from those Rosebud Lips or hope for a melting Glance from those starlit Lamps? As for executing a Clutch and swinging into the Slow and Dreamy, that seemed only a vague and far-away Hope of Paradise, and it was a Sin to waste time on it.

The best he could ask for was to send her a Box of long-stemmed Roses and then go and let a Train run over him and maybe she would condescend to attend the Funeral. That, or else he could save her life in a Runaway and die with his Head in her Lap. All he wanted was a Romantic Finish that would leave a sad, sweet Memory behind. He wanted a

Guarantee that she would think of him a couple of times and he would be satisfied to play Village Dog and die any kind of a Death.

While in this desperate Frame of Mind, he met Mr. Buzzer, the moving Graphophone and He-Vampire. When the unspeakable Buzzer said that he knew Clarice and stood right with her, the soulful Attorney wanted to throttle him, for he could not believe that a real Diana would trifle with a blue Cat-Fish.

However, he accepted the Opportunity to hold Converse with the Star of his Soul. Buzzer led him around the long Veranda and at last he stood in that radiant Presence.

"Sis, I want you to know a Friend of Mine," said the well-known Safe Blower and Social Outcast known as Buzzer.

He stood enthralled for at least one-twentieth of a Second. Then Clarice got under way.

"Oh Crickets! I seen you at the The-ayter one Night," she said. "I was there with Ollie Pozozzle of Minneapolis. Me and him come out just behind you. Say, wuzn't that a

Grand Show? I'm just crazy about that 'Mamie, Mamie, Aint it a Shamie?' When did you land here? Huh? Oh sure! This is a Swell Joint all right, but they stick you for everything. Gee! but I'm glad Mr. Buzzer come out. He's awful good Company. I'm goin' out ridin' to-night with He and a Friend of his. Come along! I'll stake you to a Girl."

When they found the Sentimental Attorney in the Woods an hour later, he was barking like a Sea-Lion and butting his Head against the Trees.

Moral: Don't go round Cutting In and then you won't know any Different.

The Fable of the Crafty Love-Maker who Needed a Lady Manager

AT a Summer Resort two Boarders were after a Blonde.

One was an all-round James-Dandy and the other was a plain Varnish.

Number One could play 18 Holes in Bogey and ride any Jumper that ever wore a Girth. He was built like an Ox and asked People to feel of him, for he was as hard as Nails. If any Argument came up on the Veranda or at the Dinner Table he made the others look like Gophers, for he was Posted and was very handy with the Sub-Maxillary. He wore his Chest a few Inches in front of himself and no one could tell him where to get off. Inasmuch as he was a big, husky Good-Looker with all the Manly Accomplishments, he had a Panel Picture of himself leading Miss Blonde into a Flat.

Number Two belonged in the Sub-Duffer Class, no matter what Game he tackled. When he swung at a Golf Ball he usually hit himself

The Manager.

in the Ankle. In sailing a Boat he did not know a Sheet from a Sail. He ducked all kinds of Athletic Sports. In Company he became balled up and often had to be Rescued. He was no Ring Performer and he knew it. Therefore, to avoid making too many Breaks he would go to the Blonde and confidentially ask her to be his True Friend and steer him through the Shoals.

Number One would be out on the Links, hammering away to win a $2 Cup, but Number Two would remain under Cover and complain of feeling a trifle Knocked Out and permit the Blonde to put Cold Cloths on his Head. Then he would give her a couple of those long yearning Looks and tell her that no one else had ever been quite so Good to him.

Number One was trying to demonstrate that he was a Deuce of a Fellow and Number Two was trying to convince her that she was an Ace of a Girl.

When both of them had come to Taw, she did not hesitate for any great length of Time.

"That poor Boy needs a bright and clever

Woman to take care of him," said she. "He has learned to depend upon me and it would be Cruel to turn him Adrift."

Number Two won by a City Block.

MORAL: Star Her and she will discover your Good Points.

The Fable of how Aggie had Spells that the Home Remedies could not Touch

A MAN and Wife had on hand a Daughter named Aggie. When she was 17 they put her into Training for her coming-out Party.

The Parents were much relieved to know that she had been Brought Up so successfully. They thought that inasmuch as she had passed through the Perils of Childhood and survived the Mumps, Measles, Scarlet Rash, Whooping Cough, etc., etc., she was safely out of the Woods. They had guided her through the Grammar and High Schools and sent her to a Dancing Academy and the Music Teacher came to the House twice a week. Now that Aggie had theoretically arrived at the Age of Discretion and the final coat of Shellac had been put on her List of Accomplishments, they looked upon her as a Completed Job.

But as Time passed on, they learned that there are many serious Ailments that may

Aggie.

overtake a Girl after she flutters out of Short Dresses. About the time that Aggie formed the Chocolate-Cream Habit and began to wear her Hair in the Anna Held Style, she caught the Matinée Fever, complicated with Actoritis and Photomania. She would go to the Theatre as often as she could muster the Price, and there she would sit in a pensive Attitude and gaze yearningly at the pale Leading Man with the Black Ringlets. After returning Home she would mope around in her blue Kimona and say that she didn't care for any Dinner. Then Mother would give her some Camomile Tea and a hot Foot-Bath and tell her that she had caught Cold. When it came to Diagnosis, Mother was a Shine.

While she was still subject to these recurring Attacks of Actoritis, another Malady laid hold on her.

One day when Father came home he was met by Aggie's Mother, who was pale and worried.

"Something terrible has happened," she said. "Aggie has Art on the Brain."

It was too true. She had attended a

Aggie's Mother.

Studio Tea in a large Smelly Place all done in passionate Red with pasteboard Armor on the Walls. There she had met an Artist. Any one could tell that he was the real Latin Quarter Article, for he wore the corn-silk Tassels and never combed his Hair, and smoked a Pipe even when he had Callers. He was made up in Velveteen and a Fauntleroy Collar and his Cravat would have done for a Sash. Aggie was pining for Bohemia. So she decided that she would marry the Genius who never had been Shaved, and they could live together in the Paint-Shop and cook all their Meals over an Oil Stove. She began to comb her Hair down over her Ears and moved her Waist-Line up until it was stopped by her Arms, and she wore long clinging Raiment and tried to be exactly like the Slim Sisters that show up in a Burne-Jones Panel. All this made Father very Exhausted. Father was in the Pig-Iron Business and he didn't think that Art was such a Much. He said that a Man with silky Jo-Jos who painted Dying Sunsets that no one wanted to buy, was not his pick for a Son-in-Law. He

wanted Aggie to select a Practical Man—a Brewer, if possible.

There is no telling what would have happened, if a new Disease had not attacked Aggie. For one Day, as Father entered the Drawing-Room he heard a strange Thumping and Pounding overhead, which caused the whole Building to Vibrate.

"Somebody is tearing out the Second Story," he said, in Alarm.

"No," replied his Faithful Wife, "but the Worst has come. Daughter is having an Attack of Physical Culture."

They went up and looked through the Key-Hole. Aggie had on a scanty Suit of Blue Flannel and she was trying to beat the Soul out of a Punching-Bag.

"Is there anything we can do?" asked her distracted Pop.

"Nothing," was the Reply. "We must let Nature take its Course. She will get over it in about Three Weeks. In the meantime we must watch her carefully or she may elope with some Weight-Lifter."

Truly enough, the Spasm of Muscular Development lasted only 21 Days, after which she took a good Rest and slowly regained her Health. Her Parents felt hopeful. The Violent Exercise seemed to have worked all the Art and Actoritis out of her system.

Just as Father and Mother were beginning to feel easy in their Minds an awful Thing came off. Aggie wandered out one Afternoon and happened to stumble on a Club Meeting at which an Authoress with Gold Spectacles did a Balancing Act on a high Pedestal. Aggie came home with the Literary Bacillus biting her at every Step. She decided to write an Historical Novel and she thought she had better hurry and get at it before she was too Old. So she began to wear her Clothes loose and had Pencils stuck in her Back Hair and Ink-Stains on her Fingers. She succeeded in getting acquainted with some of the Literati. Now and then she would bring them up to the House and Feed them. Father couldn't see them at all. Aggie said it was a great Privilege to meet People who do Things. Father

The Literati.

said that some of them ought to do Time. The Dealer in Pig-Iron was not very Bookish.

Just about the time that Aggie was convalescing from the severe Case of Literature, she was seized with Social Reform. She discovered that she had a Mission. She was going out among the Working Classes to show them how to be Intellectual. Mother suggested that she remain at Home and Show Father how to be Intellectual. For nearly 10 Days she was out uplifting the Lower Classes. Then one day she bounced into the House and said: "Mommer, I am going in for Photography."

Mother groaned, but she was not greatly surprised. She was getting used to the Fads and Foibles.

Aggie began to blow up the House with Flash-Lights and she converted the Clothes-Press into a Dark-Room. The Premises had a Chemical Odor. The Pictures would have been all right if the Light had been better, or if they had been given Time Exposure, or the Camera hadn't waggled, or Something. As it was, they were full of Fog and Moth-Balls.

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One afternoon Aggie was swiftly transformed from a Kodaker into a Menticulturist. She brought home a Book so Deep that Mother couldn't make Head or Tail of it.

Next Day a Young Man walked into the Office and said to Aggie's Father, "Sir, I should like to marry your Daughter."

"I don't know who you are," was the Reply, "but you can have her."

MORAL: The Quick-Change Artist is too much for the Old-Style Parent.

The Fable of the Parlor Blacksmith who was Unable to put it Right Over the Plate

ONCE there was a left-handed Society Selling-Plater who never landed in the Money.

Of all the Sexes that roam the Earth his pick was the Feminine. He was very partial to the Women Folks. Even the Blondines who work the Tooth-Picks in the Rotunda, and the Fat Ones who talk Baby Talk, and the Chickadees who chew Gum on the Trolley, and the dark-eyed Duennas who forget to do up their Back Hair, and the Lumpy Ones who never go all the way around with the Powder Puff, and the Flitty Ones who give the Soubrette Zip when they turn the Corner, and the Mopey Ones who wear Wrappers and eat Pickles, and the little Maudie Freshes who turn out on Saturday Night looking for Drummers, and the Spindly Ones in Rainy Day Skirts who lead Dogs, and a good many others who

The Blacksmith.

never get into the Christy Pictures—they may have had their Failings but they looked Purty Fair to him.

The last one out was always Number One with Philo, for such was the Name of Our Hero.

During many a long Afternoon when he should have been busy with the Books, Philo leaned back, combing his Mustaches with a Steel Pen and looking at the Wall. He could see himself in a Cozy Corner under a Red Light. Beside him sat a Prize Beaut of the kind that makes a Star Feature for the Sunday Paper. She was holding him by the Hand and whispering, "You for Me, and nothing else doing."

Almost every Nightfall he would change to a White Vest and start out to see if he couldn't make the Lithograph come true.

Philo always had his Plan of Campaign ribbed up. He knew what he was going to say when she came breezing into the Front Room. Then when she had said so-and-so as a playful Come-Back he would say something

Keen, apparently right off the Reel, and that would lead up to the Scene in the Cozy Corner.

Philo was always Letter Perfect at Rehearsals, but when it came to the Night Show he was a Scamp.

The Trouble was that the Little Lady never came back with the Right Cue. After about two Moves she would hand him a Liner which he would Muff. Then for the next five Minutes he would be trying to rub the Varnish off the Chair, using himself for that Purpose.

Or perchance when he showed up with his Lassoo hidden under his Coat and his Soul steeled to Determination, he would find two or three other Beaux on the Premises, all organized to block him off. Some twenty Minutes later, Philo would be up stage reading a Magazine.

After being Frosted from Head to Foot, our Young Friend decided that one who would induce a Timid Girl to move over and be Chummy, must not go after her but compel her to follow the Trail. Philo read in a Book costing $1.18 at a Department Store that the blasé

Cozy Corner.

Man of the World who treated them with cold and smiling Indifference, simply got them all worked up.

The Game plays out as follows: Cynical Ike with the dark, piercing Eyes and the lines of a Great Sorrow marked on his Handsome Face tells Dora that all Women are alike. This Talk goes best with a Turkish Cigarette. Dora tells him that he is Off. She says that there are Women in the World capable of Steadfast Love. Ike springs a pensive Sigh and says Ah, if he could believe it. Thereupon it is up to her to prove it or lose the Argument, and that's the Answer.

So Philo went around telling every one who would listen to him that Women are fickle ever. When he called he sat as far down in the Chair as he could get and said cruel Things about the World of Fashion. He wanted to get away from all the vain Pretendings of Artificial Society. He would never Marry.

He worked this along the entire Chain of Boarding Houses and no one teased him to change his Mind. Some said that Philo had

Boarding-House Circuit.

been given the Hooks and was Sore. In the Books, all the swell Lookers are supposed to get out and chase the Woman-Hater, but up in the 5th Ward, where Philo resided, the Recipe was no good.

Accordingly he switched. The second Book that fell into his Hands pictured the Young Fellow who simply keeps at the Girl and snoops around and plays House Dog until her Woman's Heart is touched by his Slavish Devotion. Philo began to camp out at the Home of a Brunette. At the end of six days she shivered at the Sight of him. After he had been given the Headache Answer three times in one Week he pulled down his Entry Money and coppered the whole Scheme.

Once he attempted the Impetuous Line of Business. It always works out on the Stage. The Object is to nail the Girl without giving her a Chance to become acquainted and Investigate. First or second meeting and then Speech about having loved her for Years before seeing her—Arm around Waist before there is time to jump—Bing!

THE PARLOR BLACKSMITH

One Moonlit Evening it was that $12-a-week Philo with a Vocabulary of 82 Words started out to win the Fair One with just one passionate Whirlwind that would carry her off her Feet.

He moved alongside, got a Split Infinitive crossed with a defective Adverb and died on everything except the Hug. Inasmuch as she never stood for any Strong-Arm Plays until after the Fourth Call she decided that she had been Insulted. She said that her Father would kill him. He took a short cut across the Lawn and escaped into the Alley back of the Engine House. Fortunately she had other Callers that Evening and became so Interested that she forgot to speak to Father.

Philo began to weaken on the Systems. Yet he knew that there was some certain Way of going at it, for he could see what was being pulled off all around him. Every Night when he was out scanning the Hammocks and Front Porches in order to spot his Destiny, he saw Whole Bunches of them snuggled together in the Twilight. He wondered how they managed to Last.

As for him, the Girl Proposition had him down and out.

If he kept quiet, he was a Stick. If he talked against time, he made Breaks.

If he complimented other Girls, he lost his Number. If he toasted other Girls, he insulted her Dearest Friends.

If he tried to Coddle, she called for Help. If he didn't, she would begin to Yawn at about 9.30.

He had tried all known Methods that are supposed to be Winners and he was still a thousand miles from the Cozy Corner.

One day he struck upon the Explanation of the whole sad State of Affairs. He decided that he was a Shell-Fish.

MORAL: Never play a System.

The Fable of the Veteran Club-Girl who had no Theories to Offer

ONCE there were a lot of Dolly Grays who had nothing to do in the Afternoon except look for Kitchen Help, so they organized a Club at which Macaroons were served and Current Evils received many a sassy Rap.

Several times they had settled all outstanding Differences between Capital and Labor, but they forgot to send Word to the interested Parties.

One Day they all took hold of a long Rope and pulled Rudyard Kipling down from his Pedestal. The only Thing that saved Kipling was that he did not hear anything about it.

But when they rallied around the Home Topics, that was where they lived. When it came to setting down Rules for repressing the natural-born Instincts of the Little Folks, they were Fine and Fancy.

Occasionally they took up Man and picked

him to Pieces. One Week they proved that he was absolutely No Good, and at the next Round-Up they discussed Ways and Means of keeping him at Home. A Girl who had been on the Bargain Counter since the Year of the Big Wind, and no Takers, arose and wanted to know why, if Man was such a Bunch of Trouble, they were not willing to tie a Can to him. She was hooted and the Executive Committee threatened to take her License away from her if she didn't behave.

Minnie McGraw had a very hot Paper, tied with Blue Ribbon, on how to make Home so attractive that the Bread-Winner would not care to go chasing out every Evening. Min had just escaped from a School for Girls and she had a lot of beautiful Theories that were simply waiting to be frost-bitten. She allowed that if a Wife would put tissue-paper Shades on all the Lamps and surround the Old Boy with plenty of Sofa Pillows and permit him to Smoke and then flit to the Piano and do a crooning Love Song, he would be so Charmed with his own Fireside that it would never occur

Minnie.

to him to put on his Things and go Down Town for a little while. Min had it all figured out with herself. She was for a Cheery Home with an $80 Angora on the Prayer Rug and a glowing Bed of Coals in the Grate.

A reformed School-Teacher who belonged to the Club took a different Tack. She never had been Married, but she knew how to manage a Man because she had worked the whole Thing out by Algebra. She said that the boss Scheme for anchoring the Wage-Earner was to supply him with an Atmosphere of Culture right at home. Then he wouldn't have to go out to a Saloon in order to find it. She advised each Wife to back the Provider into a Corner at 7.30 P. M. and read Esoteric Buddhism to him. Later on, by way of Recreation, they could take a couple of Leaves out of the Dining-Room Table and play Authors. A Husband who was kept busy trying to guess the most celebrated Works of Nathaniel Hawthorne would never hanker for a Stag Party at the Club or a Social Session at the Lodge Room.

Home Comforts.

Another Lady, who had been doing a Monologue for 40 odd years, put up a Theory that Home Life lost all Attraction for Married Men because of the horrible Evaporation of Love's Young Dream. She said that the Honeymoon ought to be made a Continuous Performance. Even those who had been married for Twenty Years ought to sit around on one another, talking Baby Talk and trading Conversation Hearts.

Then there arose a stern Woman who had been to the Mill and got her Grist. She carried a line of Black Goods in Stock because she never knew at what Minute she would need them. Four times had she looked the Preacher straight in the Eye and taken an awful Chance. Of the Theories of Home-Making she knew precious little, but when it came to a working knowledge of Man as he is constructed nowadays, she was there with the Goods.

"Men are roughly divided into two classes," she began. "We have those who love Home so well that they cannot be dragged out after they are once curled up for the Evening. On

An Evening with the Authors.

the other hand, we have those who telephone ahead when they are coming Home, so that it won't be too much of a Shock. I have tried both Kinds and if it came to a toss-up I don't believe I should pick either. My Preference would be for the Kind that is around when he is needed, and that keeps out of the way during the long Intervals in between, but I never met that kind except in my Dreams.

"I will say this for all of them, however. For the first Month they can't be shooed beyond the Front Door. The Wife who is not Next to the Habits of the Critter sees him sitting there all Evening, surrounded by the Wedding Presents and reading a History of the United States presented by his Fellow-Employées at the Wholesale House, and she tells herself that Domestic Life is a Cinch. But there comes an Evening when he lowers the Volume of History and listens for somebody to call him up on the Phone and say that Adams of Galesburg is waiting for him at the Hotel. She never met Adams of Galesburg. She never will meet Adams of Galesburg, but

she will hear about him now and then, also about Balancing the Books at the End of the Month, putting somebody through the Blue Lodge or the Consistory, and a Meeting of the Directors of the Business Men's League and the Committee on Street Improvement. Then the Time will come when no Story goes with the Exit. She will go to the Kitchen to count up the Breakage for the Day and when she returns she will have the Front of the House all to herself, for he will have executed a cat-like Sneak. That is when she wants to join a Whist Club and buy a Motto reading as follows: 'Absence makes the Heart grow Fonder.'

"Now, I love to hear the Wise Sisters get up and do their Bits at a Club Meeting, but I am here to tell them that when the Other Half of the Sketch wants to duck away he will escape, and you can't hold him by playing on the Piano or reading Essays. I've tried everything from putting Morphine in his Coffee up to Brute Force, and now, when number 4 begins to get restless about 7 P. M. I hand him

his Hat and tell him to come in as quietly as possible."

MORAL: True Happiness must be taken in broken Doses.

The Fable of the Syndicate Lover, the Pickled Papa and the Rest of the Bunch

ONCE there was a yearning Bachelor. He wanted the Girl so hard that he would come around at Night and look up at the Windows of her Boodwar and gnaw the Palings of the Front Fence.

The Fires of Love had got beyond Control and it was time to call out the entire Department. He was for Petty and had no Shame in the Matter. He would send a A. D. T. boy at 6, saying that he would be up at 8 and then he would phone her at 7 to find out if she had received the Note.

His Affection was none of your stingy, half-way Quivers. It was the real Essence of Goo-goo, double strength. It was an Omnibus Love that reached out its red-hot Tentacles and twined around all Objects, animate and inanimate, that were associated with little Honey-Bun.

He would have deemed it a Holy Privilege

to go around and mow the Grass in her Front Yard.

It was the kind of transfiguring, old-fashioned, romantic-novel Love that made him think well of her Kin-Folks. He knew that any one who was related to the Queen of the Human Race was certainly Right. So he tried to stand Ace with the Old People and a brother named Walter and a tall-browed Sister who was Intellectual.

Consequently his Work was mapped out for him.

Mopsey's Father was what we might call Liberal in his Views. That is, he was not bitterly set against the High Ball as a Substitute for 5 o'clock Tea. Furthermore he had stubbed his Toe often enough to know from sad Experience the true Value of two small Pairs when five are sitting in.

Had it not been that he took on his daily Package in a Club instead of a Saloon, and carried a gold-headed Cane, a good many people would have said that he Drank. As it was, he simply had the Name of being a High Liver.

Father.

When he was slightly Overset and carried about 165 in his Gauge he was exceedingly Dignified, in fact a Gentleman of the Old School. He objected to playing Poker with a Stranger, but he loved to skin a Good Friend, so he was no Gambler.

Baby's Mother was exactly the Sort that is usually married to an elderly Sport. Having found it impossible to wean him away from the Red Eye and the Saturday Night Game that laps over into Monday Morning, she tried to catch even by reforming all the rest of the Universe. She was a member of 33 Organizations that were out to whip-saw the Cigarette, down the Cocktail and give a lasting Ki-Bosh to the Blue Chip and the Kitty. As soon as she had a little Money saved up she sent it to the Missionaries in Kakaroo. By attending Services at least twice every Sunday she hoped to establish a good General Average for the whole Family.

As for the other members of the Family they knew that she had enough Piety to supply four ordinary Mortals, so they did not have to go

Mother.

out and accumulate any. The whole Bunch, Father included, expected to get past the Turnstile on Mother's Ticket.

The Sister with the busy Dome was in two or three Philadelphia Library Clubs. She read one Book a Day, even in the hottest Weather. If she had stopped to take Breath, the Publishers would have secured a Lead and she never could have caught up.

Loved One had a Brother with big gristly Hands and stocky Shoulders. His Conception of a Glad Summer's Day was to get out and play 72 Holes, followed by several Sets of Tennis, after which it was time to bat up a few Flies and then, in the Gloaming, start in for four or five Hours with the nimble Ping-Pong.

The True Lover thought it a smooth Policy to cultivate the Quartet that lived with his Own and Only One. As for Father and Mother and the female Book-Worm and athletic Walter, they were friendly to the prosperous Bachelor and each one determined to put in a few quiet Plugs for Sis.

So Father took the Candidate down to his Club and gave him Old Stuff that was 130 Proof and then tried him out in a nice little cut-throat Game. By the time he got away from the Pirates, he was due to show up and attend Morning Service with the prospective Mother-in-Law. He let on that he was keen for a good Sermon and he made an awful Bluff at singing the Hymns that he had not heard for twenty years. On Sunday Afternoon he was due to meet Brother Walt at the Country Club and play him for a Ball a Hole. After a couple of Sundays, Walt had enough Haskells to last him a Life-Time.

When he had hurried to his Room and rubbed himself with Witch Hazel, he would tear for the House, where the living Book Review would be waiting to ask him if he didn't think Dorothy Vernon was better than Billy Baxter. While he would be doing Foot-Work and side-stepping the Questions that were calculated to show him up as a howling Ignoramus, the Real Thing would be sitting back waiting in vain for an Opening.

This went on for quite a Spell. He had been jolted at Poker, trimmed at Golf, put against long Sermons right in Fly-Time, and conned into reading 47 Books that did not appeal to him. He seemed to be making grand Headway with all members of the Outfit except the One that he wanted to snare out into a Dim Corner and hold in a Strong Embrace forever and ever.

After a while he began to weaken on the Scheme of playing up to a whole Cast of Characters. He wondered if it would not be just as easy to love a lone Orphan.

She was Wise. She saw herself losing a Good Thing. It was a shame to back-cap her own Tribe, just when they were pulling for her, but she had to do it. One Night she fought off the others and lured him into a Boat and there in the Moonlight she told how she had lived in the same House with them for 19 Years and how they were all right but they wouldn't do.

"It's a mere Suggestion," she added, "but why don't you stop trying to make these

Around-the-Table Combination Shots and pay a little more attention to Birdie. You don't have to win out the entire Family in order to book me. You must be an Amateur."

Thereupon they Clinched and the Family dropped out of the Deal.

MORAL: Don't try to Marry an entire Family or it may work out that Way.

The Fable of the Misfit who Lost His Ticket Because He got the Wrong Hold

ONCE there was a Social Fizzle named Homer Splivens. He was the dampest Fire-Cracker that ever tried to Pop.

His Parents had spent $600 on him so that he might know how to enter a Ball-Room. At the age of 26 he could not Enter without walking on several Ladies.

Among the Town Boys he was regarded as a hot Patsy, but the Girls looked upon him as a fair-haired Rollo who was too Bashful to be real Interesting. At a Stag Party he was a Bright Light, but when he found himself in his Merry Make-Up and surrounded by the Elite, he simmered down and became a mere Chair-Warmer and Coffee-Cooler.

Homer was what the Horsemen call a Bad Actor. In the early morning practice he could do a Quarter in 29, but when he had to

Pace with a Bunch he struck a foolish Side-Motion and ran into the Fence.

When he was among the Fellows he opened up like a Morning-Glory. He told Stories and said Sarcastic Things about Married People he knew and made up Verses. The Young Men would repeat these Slick Observations to the Girls and tell them how witty and entertaining old Splivey was. So the next time Homer showed up, the vivacious little Kittens would form a Semi-Circle in front of him and say, "Oh, Mr. Splivens, do tell us a Story or else make one of your killing Jokes." Then Homer would flush up and try to swallow his Palate. He would flatten out like a dying Welsh Rabbit and make a few choking Sounds, but there would be nothing doing in the Story Line.

After a Painful Pause the Girls would quit him cold. During the remainder of the Evening, Homer would sit back in a dark Corner of the Gentlemen's Dressing Room, thinking up the Reply he might have made but did not.

In the meantime, the Girls would be giving

him the Giggle and saying he was the wooziest ever. If they met him later in the Evening, each one handed him some Cutting Remark about having a Nice Time. If they had been Men he could have Come Back in grand style, but when any little blue-eyed Elsie ran up and jabbed a Spear into his quivering Bosom, he simply groaned and turned his Face to the Wall.

What made it so Bitter for Homer was, that in his Heart of Hearts he wanted to be a Butterfly. Frequently he would say, "Some Boys can Fly and why can't I?"

At many an Evening Party he would conceal himself behind the Bass Viol and watch the frivolous Capers of the Charley Freshes and wonder how they did it. He would listen to the merry Babble and wish that he could butt in and Talk all Evening without having anything to Say. Sometimes he would overhear the Conversation that was causing all the Girls to double up and have Duck Fits. Then the Cold Sweat would gather in large Beads on his Forehead. The Talk was a Cross between the

innocent Prattle of Childhood and the maniacal Maunderings of the Incurable Ward at the Foolish Works.

"Oh!" thought Homer. "If only I could mislay my Mind some evening and get out and deal that kind of pink Persiflage, I would be as Popular as any of these Willing Performers."

Homer fell in Love at long range with a Girl named Lucy Livingstone. Lucy was a Prize Pansy who never passed in Algebra, but she was a Talker from Conversationville. Homer never told his Love, but let Concealment, like a Green Worm, feed on his essential Organs. He would compose a Honeyed Speech with which to greet his would-be Dulciana, but when he met her at the Corner of Fifth and Main he would lift his Hat with the wrong Hand and gurgle a few Words of stereotyped Piffle and back into a Lamp-Post.

Oh, but he was a naughty Lover! When it came time for him to go into Action, his Ammunition was always wet. And even when he Fired, he never got to Range. He would

Loop a few Loops and dodge into a Cigar Store.

What made him so sore was that some Handsome Harry with Vaseline on his Hair and not more than two Ounces of Cerebellum could saunter up to the Heart's Idol and tap her on the Back and call her "Luce." And what was ten times worse, she seemed to Like it. He saw himself done up forty ways from the Jack by many a He-Pelican who could not command $8 a week in the Open Market.

When he met her, he addressed her as Miss Livingstone. The other Fellow called her "Sis" and linked Arms with her.

Whenever a Rival blocked him off, Homer stood around on one Foot for a while, waiting for an Opening, and then he did a soft-shoe Sneak and swore that he would Forget her.

He told himself that he was a Chump for continuing to Worship one who could be pawed over and man-handled by anything that wore a Derby Hat.

But H. Splivens was Hard Hit. The more he tried to Sponge Her Likeness from the

Rival No. 1.

Blackboard of his Memory, the oftener he thought of her. He yearned to monopolize the Affection which seemed to be On Tap for any one who cared to step up and turn the Spigot.

He told himself that Faint Heart never won out Fair Lady. From all he could gather, the Society Tit-Bit preferred the Gally Boy to the one who sat on the other side of the Room and talked about the New Books.

Mr. Splivens decided to turn over a New Leaf. He saw that his only chance was to jump in and make a Bold Play. His telepathic Tactics had not made the slightest Impression on Lucy. The Silent System was no good.

"The next time I get a chance to Lead, I will give her a Glad Surprise," he said to himself. "I will convince the Little Lady that I am not made of Wood. I can be just as Loving as the next one if my Nerve holds out."

So he went to a Dance and there was Lucy, looking very Cute and Coquettish and hemmed in by the usual Gang of Third-Raters. Mr.

Rival No. 2.

Splivens was about to Buck the Line and make a hard Tackle, but he suddenly realized that he was not in Condition. What he needed was a little Dutch Courage. Accordingly he slipped out and stowed away five Santiago Sours, so-called because they leave you wrecked on the Beach. He came back a trifle Squiffy. He was all Lit Up. Homer was ready to be as Friendly and Familiar as any Girl could possibly wish. He laid Hands on the surprised Lucy and led her to the dim Conservatory.

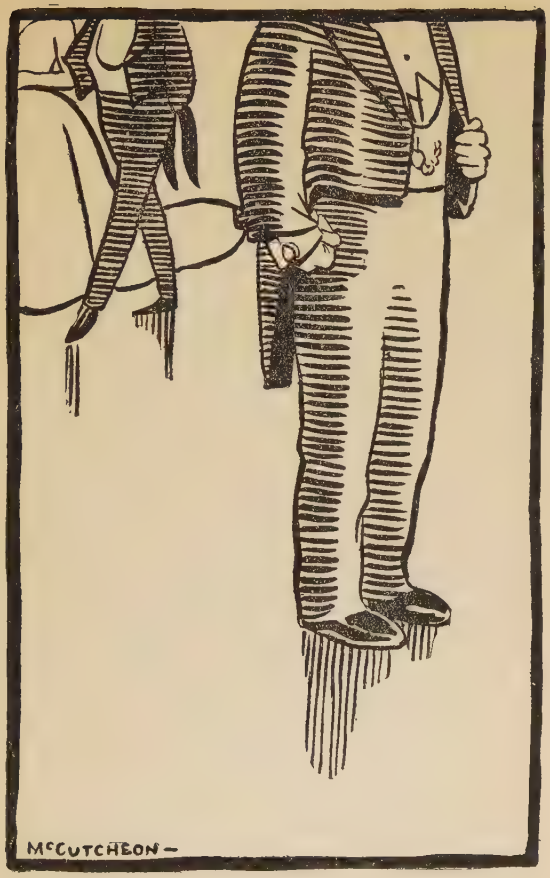
"This is where my Stock takes a Leap of 20 Points," he said to himself, as he led her to a Rustic Bench beneath a Lemon Tree.

He fixed a Burning Gaze on her and carelessly wrapped an Arm about her supple Waist.

"Old Girl, you are a Grand Piece of Work," he said.

With a piercing Shriek, she hurled him among the Cacti and declared that she had been Insulted.

"Why do you discriminate against me?" he asked in a hurt Tone.



Rival No. 3.

"I always supposed you were a Gentleman," she said, freezingly.

"I have been up to date and probably that is why my Work is so Coarse," he replied. "Was I too Sudden?"

"Wretch!" she exclaimed and swept back into the Ball Room.

For three days after that her Brother was looking for Mr. Splivens with a Gun.

Moral: It has to be done in just a certain Way.

The Fable of the Balky Boy who Kept Her Marking Time

A YOUTH who had the Love Microbe all through his System was trying to marry a Girl without letting her know anything about it. He was dead willing to Hook Up and the sooner the better, but he was afraid to undertake a Proposal for fear he would Fumble. Every time he came up to the Main Hurdle he laid back his Ears and squatted.

Sometimes he thought he would do it by Phone, but he knew that Central might be on the Line. He had written a good many letters with Darling played up in every Line, but after he read them over they were so very Charlotte Russe that he renigged.

He knew what he ought to do, all right enough, because he had read the Books on the Subject. His work was mapped out, and to one who never raced a Social Favorite the Asking Business is Soft.

Reading Up.

THE BALKY BOY

When one sits back on a $2 Pad in the Parquette and sees James K. Hackett tear off a Love Scene, the whole Thing looks like Money from Home. It is just as easy as signing the book for something that is waiting to be delivered. Every Clothing Salesman in the House thinks that he could crouch on a Rug and sing the same Song. But when he finds himself in a Private House and it is up to him to advance the Ball or get off the Field, he falls down and steps on himself.

The Youth to whom we have referred had started in 35 different times to submit the Life Risk to her, and every time his Storage Battery had failed him and left him stalled.

One Evening he said he would Spring it on her if he had to take a Pencil and write it on the Wall. When he arrived at the House he met one of her School Friends, who had come on for a Visit. And when Miss Friend looked him in the Eye and beckoned him to the Sofa, he realized that there is such a thing as being too Hasty.

The Friend overpowered him and carted him

to the Altar, which suited him exactly. But he never knew that the First One had sent for the Friend.

MORAL: Faint Heart has saved many a Fair Lady.

The Fable of how Wisenstein did not Lose out to Buttinsky

ONCE there was a Steady who overplayed his Standing and came within an Ace of losing his Home.

It happened thuswise. He was a Daylight Performer and loved to parade his Attractions. If he had a Duchess on his Staff he would lead her along the main-travelled Streets and show her off. But he held her by the Arm just the same for fear that some one would run out of an Alley and grab her.

When he had a Beaut wearing his Photo in her Locket he wanted all the World to know about it.

Furthermore, he was the kind that would take a Friend with him when he went calling on No. 1. He wanted the Friend to see for himself that the Girl thought the World of Papa. It was Fine Business for the Friend to sit over on the Far Side of the Room and watch them hold Hands, now and then stealing a little Old

Hug. The Friend must have enjoyed every Minute of it.

Once in a While the busy Lover would look over at Friend and tip him the Wink as if to say, "Oh, I suppose this little Party fairly hates me."

But one Evening when he went out Hand-Holding and carried his own Gallery with him he ran into Bunches of Trouble. The Friend belonged to the Buttinsky Family and refused to stay on the Far Side of the Room. He was a clever two-handed Boy and had practiced a few Holds of his Own. He pulled his chair over and made it a Threesome. In about 8 Minutes he had the Regular Fellow stymied and Hazel was leaning against him so as to make his Conversation a Short Carry.

Before he left that Evening he had himself all dated up for a Return Engagement. It looked as though the other Young Gentleman had the Casters under him.

From that time on it was Nip and Tuck. They took all of her Open Time in one Chunk and divided it up between them.

Wisenstein.

Sometimes they got on the Reservation together and then the only one who had a Good Time was the Girl.

The Original Gentleman Friend was a Wisenstein. As soon as he saw himself losing out, he began to lay deep and shifty Plans to head off the new Entry. A two-by-four chinless Intellect would have tried to put the Rival into the Nine-Hole by opening up on him and telling where he spent some of his Evenings, but Wisenstein had read on a sign somewhere that every Knock is a Boost. He knew that no Fellow ever landed a real Princess by talking Scandal about the other Candidates. Accordingly, he played a deep System. He became Press Agent for his Friend. He touted Mr. Buttinsky as the real Essence of Allygazam. He painted him in four bright Colors and put his Picture in every Window.

When he got the Girl aside he would tell her that dear old Buttinsky was one of the most charming Chaps in the World and claimed to have a lot of Women spreading their Nets for him. He said that Buttinsky was a great

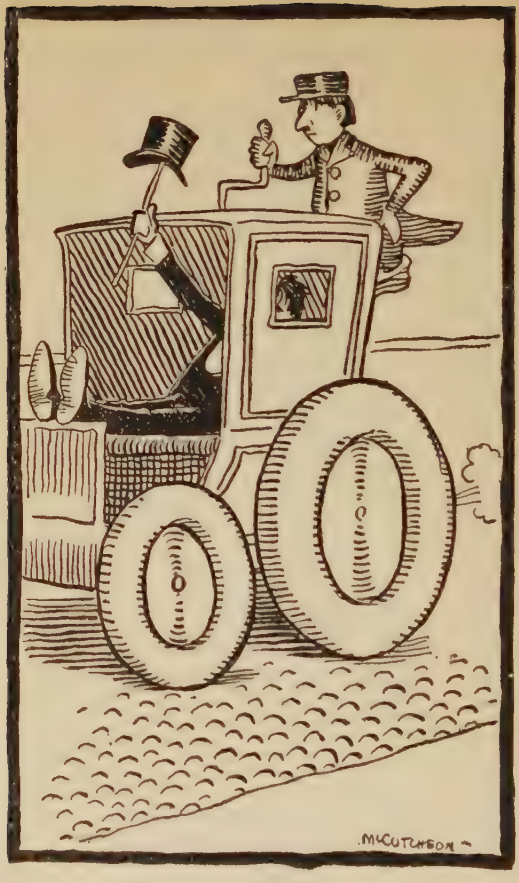
Singer, having been known up in the Country where he came from as the Village Thrush. He advised her to have Buttinsky tell a number of his Stories, because as an After-Dinner Wit he had Chauncey M. Depew churned to a Froth and was commonly known as the Life of the Party. Then he asked her if she had seen Buttinsky cut loose in a Ball-Room. He said that all the Girls who saw Buttinsky move across the gleaming Floor in the Two-Step began to look Glassy out of the Eyes and sank back in a Stupor. If she ever found time she ought to talk Books with Buttinsky because he knew them from A to Izzard and could get rid of Literary Talk in a Style calculated to charm a Bird out of a Tree. And as for dear old Art, he was supposed to be the Man who had written it.

Buttinsky did not know that he was being Lithographed as a Phenom. When the Princess urged him to trot out his Accomplishments he thought she was so Sticky on him that everything he did looked good to her. So he squared up to the Piano and sang, "Be-

Buttinsky.

cause" in a Tenor that came from right between his Eyes. He chucked in a few Minors. They were these naughty Witch-Hazel Fellows, and after he had turned a few of the Tonsorials loose in the Parlor, he had the Princess straightened out as stiff as a Board and biting at the Doilies. When she led him around to the Subject of the late Novels he got all balled up, for he thought that Gertrude Atherton wrote "Mary MacLane." And one Night when she teased him out on the Dancing Floor and he missed Step and tried to walk up one side of her, she began to have a dim and twinkling Suspish that this Boy Wonder was a Two-Spot.

Buttinsky helped Matters a lot by trying to undermine Mr. Wisenstein, who had been saying all the Nice Things about him. Every time he got the Princess backed on a Sofa he did a Hammer Solo. For instance, he advised her to have no Dealings with a Man who drank. He said that Wisenstein was a Nice Fellow, But——. Then for about 30 Minutes the absent Wisenstein would get his.



Wisey—Some Evenings.

HOW WISENSTEIN DID NOT LOSE

About the time that the Princess began to class Buttinsky as a False Alarm so far as Accomplishments went, she started in to be Indignant because he roasted one who always spoke so Lovely of him.

As for Wisenstein, when she came right out and asked him about his Habits, he owned up and leaned on her Shoulder and said his only Hope was to get a Good Woman to Reform him. Which, probably, was a very foolish Move.

Then when she remembered how Magnanimous he had been, always speaking well of a Certain Person who had tried to sew Buttons on him, she perceived that Wisenstein was one of Nature's Noblemen. He contradicted her at first, but finally let her have her own Way. And Mr. Buttinsky did not seem to be One-Two-Seventeen.

MORAL: Beware of the Friend who tells how Good you are.

The Fable of the Fatal Album and the Leap for Life

ONE Evening a Girl named Eclaire had her Steady in the Parlor and was trying to keep him from falling Asleep. She had told him all the Scandal she could think of and Wished a Ring on his Finger and played Philopene, and at last she had to call in that Stop-Gap of revered Memory, the Family Album.

She showed him the Picture of Uncle Tibbetts who lived in Iowa, and Cousin Jess who married the Music-Teacher et cetera, finally coming to the Likeness of a slender and attractive Damsel in an out-of-date Costume.

"Why, this is a Ringer for you," said the Regular Fellow.

"It is a Picture of Mommer before she was married," said Eclaire. "Everyone says I am the perfect Image of her."

The Young Man got busy with his Thinks. He had seen Mommer. She was a good, moral Woman, but she had a Face that suggested

The Steady.

Dill Pickles and a Shape that no Straight Front could regulate.

"If It 25 years ago looked exactly as Daughter does at present, then it is an 8 to 1 Bet that Daughter in 25 years will be what Mommer is to-day," he said to himself.

So he jumped through the Window and carried the Sash with him. No one ever saw him on that Corner again.

MORAL: It is not on Record that the Family Album ever proved a Help.

The Fable of the Young Woman who had to have Everything Just So

FASTIDIOUS Fannie was the name of a Girl who had her Pencil out and marked down an Error the Minute it was made. She knew the Rules and Regulations by Heart. She slept with the Hand-Book of Etiquette under her Pillow and worked the Eagle Eye whenever she was in Company. Fan was so Grammatical that she made nearly every one tired, and she was so Touchy that those who took long Chances and started in to Chat with her, had to weigh every Word.

At least a dozen Young Men came fooling around at different Times, attracted by her cold Beauty and the fact that she was the Only Child of a National Bank. Fan put the Blue Tag on them one by one. The first was six hours late in making his Party Call, and when he came around he found the Gate nailed up. The second wore his Dinner Jacket and a Black Tie one Evening when he should have worn his long Henry Miller, so Fan wrote to

him that he was 90 per cent Pinky Doodle and belonged in a Lumber Camp. Another was careless enough to strike a Match and light his Student's Lamp one evening when he was seeing her Home. She screamed and called for a Cab, for she held that no True Gentleman would Smoke a Cigarette while walking with a Lady. A fourth Aspirant wrote to her on the wrong kind of Paper and put the Date at the Top instead of the Bottom and the Answer that he longed for never came. A fifth got the wrong Clutch on her, while they were Waltzing, and after that she couldn't see him, not even with a Spy Glass.

Thus she threw them into the Scrap Heap as fast as they bobbed up. One parted his Hair on the wrong side and another kept his Hands in his Pockets and another walked on the off side of her, when they went up Street.

At last she had checked up the whole Push and not one would Do. And they were so Scared of her that when they came near her Corner they did a little Foot-Work to the other side of the Street.

Fan—at Present.

For 8 Years she sat with the Lace Curtains parted, keeping a keen lookout for old Perfection. She knew that there were some Real Gentlemen in the World, because she had read about them in Charles Major.

At last she began to lean against the chilly Fact that the Tide had gone out and left her tangled in the Sea-Weed. So she went out and put up a Sign in the Front Yard: "Man wanted. White one preferred."

Moral: Marry him first and remove the Kinks afterward.

The Fable of What Befell the Designing Chauncey who Walked Right Up and Spoke to Her

ONCE upon a Time there was a Gum-Chewer named Tessie who ironed up her White Dress and bought seven yards of Ribbon and went on a Picnic given by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Horse-Shoers' Union.

Tess was more than nine and could take care of herself at any point along the line. She was full of the Old Harry but very Popular.

She had a changeable Figure and a Complexion that showed up best at a Dance.

Although somewhat shy on Happy Clothes she managed to leave a small Ripple behind her whenever she plowed along Main Street, showing her Buckles. Uusually she wore her Sailor pulled down to her Eye-Brows and cast frightened Glances to right and left, as if to say, "Gee! I wonder if some Fresh Guy is going to speak to me?"

But some of them didn't.

Therese was her Official Name and she used it on her Cards, each of which had a Colored Picture of Flowers in the Corner. Mother got the name in a Story-Paper.

The Bertha Clay Habit seemed to run in the Family. Tessie loved to work her way into a Tea-Gown and then get a couple of Pillows under her and eat Fudges and read how Basil Armytage rode up to the Manor House and found Loraine waiting for him beside the old Yew Tree.

Tessie didn't know the diff between a Manor House and a Chop House but it sounded swell and she had a secret longing to meet a sure-enough Basil who wore what is sometimes known as a Dress Suit and had Brilliantine on his Mustaches.

While waiting for Basil to pop out at some Corner and catch step with her, Tess was doing the best she could.

And that was why she used up a lot of Starch getting ready for the Picnic given by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Horse-Shoers' Union.

The Manor House.

When she walked up the Gang-Plank her Shoes were hurting her a little but she had on all of her Rings and thought fairly well of herself.

Tessie did not fetch any Lunch-Basket with her because she had a horrible Suspicion that some Gentleman would get to talking to her and then make her go and eat a few Lines. She had been out a couple of times before and it had been her Luck not to come back Hungry. Tessie had a sort of a Hunch that History would repeat itself.

So Tessie planted a Camp Stool right in the Main Promenade where those who wished to go Forward or Aft would be compelled to walk over her. After which she gazed pensively at the broad expanse of Drink and waited for something to happen.

Now among those on Board was a Pale-Face with more or less Neck who was prominently connected with the Bundle Department of a first-class Clothing Store. His name was Chauncey and he loved the Society of Ladies. At the same time he knew his Place.

A Real Basil.

Chauncey spotted Therese and saw that she was alone and sighing for Company but he did not care to be too Brash at the first Crack for fear that she would give a Yelp and jump Overboard.

Accordingly he nerved himself and approached her, Hat in Hand, and began to beg her Pardon.

He said he knew it was hardly Proper to brace a Young Lady without the Formality of an Introduction but he hoped she would overlook his Boldness. He made it so Strong that Tessie had to play the Banker's Daughter in order to hold up her end. She said it did seem very strange to be sitting right there talking to a Party she had never Met and if her People ever suspected that she done anything of that Kind, they would be Awful Sore.

Chauncey pulled out his Cuffs and began to deal Polite Conversation of the kind that is supposed to calm the Fears of a Trembling Young Thing. He told her his Real Name and showed his Link Buttons and begged her not to regard him as a Mere Flirt.

At the end of a half hour she was chewing the End of her Fan and answering "Yes" and "No." It looked to Tessie as if she would have to put up with him all Day so she began to work the Flag.

As for Chaunce, he perceived that he had been too Fresh, so he switched to the Weather and began to burn low and threaten to go out.

Just when Tess figured herself a sure Loser, some one hit her in the Back and called her Sis. It was a loud Hick who had been watching her on the Dock.

"I like your Nerve!" exclaimed Tessie, giving him the Eye.

"Now you behave or I'll give you a mean old Slap right on the Elbow," said the Hick, saying which he seated himself between Chauncey and Therese.

"Gladys, dost think you could learn to love me?" he asked, taking her by the Lace Mitt.

It is needless to say that Chauncey was very Indignant. He felt it his Duty to protect the poor Girl but somehow he found himself

The Hick.

blocked off and there was no chance to get in a Word.

The Hick was telling Therese that her Eyes were not Mates and that he didn't care so much for the way her Hair was put up and she was toasting him for Keeps and threatening to hand him One if he didn't let go of her.

Finally she got so mad that she asked him to come to the back part of the Boat so that she could tell him just what she thought of him.

That was where Chauncey found himself alone with the Waterscape. Tessie never came back for she had found her Meal-Ticket.

MORAL: The League Rules do not go at a Picnic.

The Fable of the He-Flirt who was very Jimpsy in the Hotel Office but a Phoney Piece of Work when Turned Loose in a Flat

A DROVE of Homeless Bachelors was herded every Night in a sad European Hotel. One of them was a Lady-Killer, who didn't deny it. He had left a Trail of Broken Hearts from Penobscot, Me., to Puget Sound. He had the Style of Beauty made familiar by the Wood-Cuts in the Weekly Story Paper. He was the Police Gazette's Idea of a Gent. Also he was an identical Ringer for the polished Villain of the Ten-Twent-and-Thirt Repertoire Troupe. He had a long, silky Gambler's Mustache and he wore embroidered Suspenders. He was Elegant in Every Detail. Trust him for that.

His name should have been Chilton Travers or Lionel Lyndhurst, but his Parents could

not foretell that he would grow up to be Manicured once a Week, so they called him Bill.

He wore Satin Fronts and Velvet Collars and put Cologne on his Eye-Brows. Bill had massive Jewels on each hand and a Watch-Charm the size of a Padlock. When he had combed his Hair so that it stood up in front, a la the Polite Brakeman, and whitened himself with Talcum Powder, and splashed himself with Musk and eaten a few Cachous to perfume the Breath, he was more than Satisfied with himself. He wore sharp-toed Patent Leathers, with Green Tops, at all Hours of the Day and Night. Bill read the *Smart Set* every Month and told how much his Clothes cost, and before he had conversed with a Stranger very long he would bring up the Subject of Silk Underwear. One of the yearning Ambitions of his Life was to own a Seal-Skin Overcoat.

When Bill was on the Road there was never a Waitress with a Waspy Waist and high-heeled Shoes that did not tremble violently when she handed him his Tenderloin of Beef

Larded with Mushrooms. It is not often that a poor Working Girl gets a Chance to see the real Kafoozalum, although she often reads about him in The Duchess.

At the Hotel which he illuminated with his Presence, Bill was wont to gather a few Friends about him and tell of all the Happy Homes he had wrecked. He let it be understood that when he held up one Finger and whistled, they came running from all Directions.

His Stock Narrative always began with a Scene in a Parlor Car. According to his Tell it was practically impossible for him to ride any Distance in a Pullman without having some Society Girl of ravishing Beauty fix a hungry Gaze on him and begin to wig-wag for a Better Acquaintance. She was usually the Daughter of a Cincinnati Millionaire, with a Swell Place on Walnut Hill, or mayhap he learned afterward that she belonged to a Prominent Family living in Euclid Avenue, Cleveland. If he cared to mention Names he could tell of a certain Party that moved in the

Bill's Past.

very highest Push of Fifth Avenue, who wanted to break off an Engagement with a Guy from Boston, and all on his Account. He was a Devil among the Women, and he admitted it. As soon as a Lady had counted up his Rings and Lockets and got a good whiff of the Musk, she was ready to play the White Slave. Sometimes, when the Pipe was drawing very freely, he would tell all about being invited out to spend the Evening with a certain Queen whose Father owned one of the principal Banks in Omaha. To prove that all he said was True, he would show a Pink Envelope with Sealing Wax on the back of it. Those who had obtained a Flash of these Missives noticed that they were addressed in Blue Ink, with a little Curly Tail to each Capital Letter, thus proving that they must have been written by Heiresses.

One Peculiar Fact in connection with the Killings made by this Commercial Don Juan was that all the Victims of his Fatal Beauty lived at least 200 miles away. Here in the Town which was Headquarters for him, he

seemed comparatively Harmless. He could put on his fawn-colored Prince Albert with a Red Carnation and a jaundice-colored Cravat, and carry his gold-headed Cane all up and down the main Thoroughfares and then come back to the European Hotel without having any of the Elite tagging after him. In fact, if he hadn't Confessed so often, no one would have suspected that Rainbow Bill, the human Mardi Gras, had ever cut any Melons outside of the Switchmen's Ball.

At this same Hotel there lived two or three Young Fellows who did not use Cocoa Cream or Scented Soap, and not one of them had ever made Cruel Sport of the trusting Affections of a Railway President's only Child. They thought they were good and lucky if they could sally out after Nightfall and while away a careless Hour with a few nice Stenographers and Music Teachers. All they expected was a little 'Coon Stuff on the Piano and then some Dutch Lunch.

It happened that they told the Girls about Rainbow Bill who lived down at the Hotel and

was receiving come-back-to-me Letters every Minute or two from the Leaders of Kansas City's 400 and the Prize Beauties of Lexington, Ky., to say nothing of the Hot-Looker whose Old Man had just built a $250,000 Hut outside of Philadelphia.

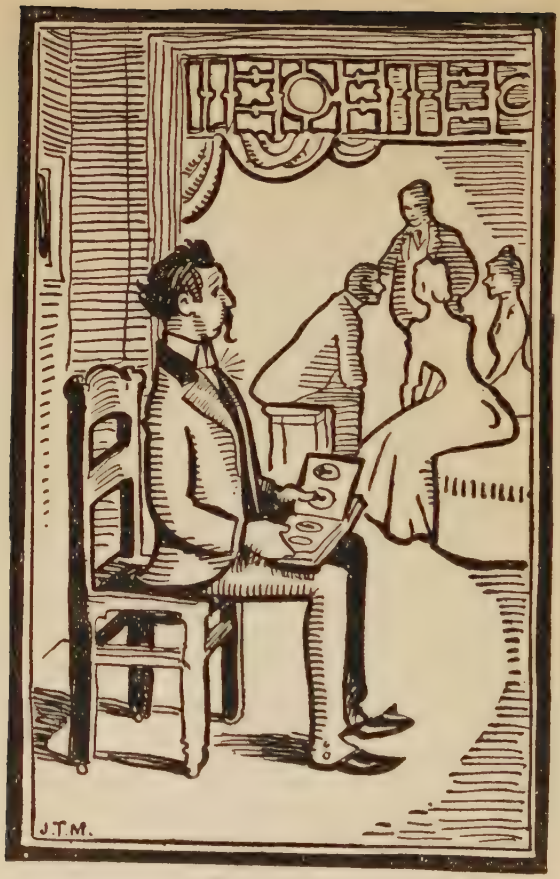
The Girls said they should like to meet one who had got in right with so many of the First Families, but they were afraid that he wouldn't pause to dally with them, seeing that they were on Salary. Perhaps one accustomed to show off in a spacious Drawing-Room would find his Style more or less cramped when thrown into the 6x9 Parlor of a $22 Flat. However, the Boys said they would try to inveigle Rainbow Bill. Only, they gave Fair Warning that he claimed to be a Sorcerer and that after he looked a Soubrette in the Eye and made a couple of Passes, she was His, and took Orders from no one else. The Girls said they were ready to take a Chance. Besides, they had been Vaccinated.

The Boy with the Wardrobe of many Colors did not show any Eagerness when told that he

was wanted up at the Flat. He began to back water and fake up Excuses. They had to tell him that the Girls had seen him on the Street and were dying for an Introduction. At last he fixed himself up until he smelled like a box of Cashmere Bouquet, and they took him in Tow.

He began to lose out from the Minute that he came up the front Steps. His Reputation had preceded him and it was the kind that would sink a Ship. The nifty tailor-made Damsel of Nineteen Hundred and Something doesn't ask any better Sport than to walk up and down on the tonsorial Wretch who fancies that he is Irresistible. As soon as a Man Bills himself as a Girl-Tamer, the whole Sorority wants to get out and stab him to death with Hat-Pins. For some Reason, the latest variety of New Woman resents the Suggestion that she is a Soft Mark for the curb-stone Masher who stands in front of Cigar Stores and Works the Banjo Eye.

It may have been True that Rainbow Bill cut a wide Swath in Kansas City and visited



Bill in a Flat.

all the warm Tamales in St. Paul, but up in the dinky Flat he was one cold Portion of Lobster à la Newburgh. The Girls sparred him back into a Corner and kidded him to a Frazzle. They passed the Sarcastic Shots at the Rate of one per Second with no Return, although frequently he had told that he was a great Hand for Repartee. They hurled the Javelins into him until he curled like a Rubber Band. The fascinating Wiles that had played such Havoc among the Society Belles at other Points somehow refused to come to the Surface. All he could do was shift his Legs and look Sheepish. In the whole course of the Evening he found his Voice 8 times, but he didn't say anything that would have induced a Girl to leave her comfortable Home. After the first half hour they wouldn't have known he was there at all, if he hadn't got in the Way occasionally.

Moral: Copper all Confessions.

The Fable of how Economical Edward got His Quietus

ONCE there was a young fellow named Edward who could make a Dollar go as far as the next one. He wore Hand-me-Downs that looked as if they had been made by a Swell Tailor. He kept his Trousers on Hangers and took such good care of his Wardrobe that a Suit would last him from 3 to 5 Years. He shaved himself and blacked his own Shoes and borrowed a Paper to read.

So that although his Salary didn't make him round-shouldered taking it Home, he was enabled to soak a couple of Frog Skins each Month and was contemplating Matrimony.

Edward estimated that two of them could get along comfortably on his Pay without cracking the Nest Egg. In Fact, he had it all figured out. The House Rent would be so much and the Groceries would stand him something, and then he allowed $200 a year for Clothing. He knew that he could worry

along on half of that Amount and he had heard that Dresses were cheaper than Suits of Clothes.

One Evening, just about the time when he was waiting for a Chance to nab the Girl, he was at the House with other Callers, among them several Women.

They were asking the Real Thing about some Finery she had just purchased. She said she knew it must be an awful Bore to Men, but she supposed she would have to show it. So she went upstairs and came back with enough Merchandise to fill one of Wanamaker's Windows.

The Women Callers went into Convulsions and the Men looked at it solemnly and said "Yes, it's Purty."

"Aint that a Dream?" asked the Real Thing, holding up a Picture Hat. "I got that for next to Nothing. He wanted 60 but I jewed him down to 55."

"How much did your Tailor-Made set you back?" asked one of the Callers.

"Only 150," replied the Real Thing.

Only 55 Bucks.

"My! that's awful Cheap," said the Caller.

"Yes, and I think it's just as good as the Expensive Kind. O, by the way, Francesca, I saw a Boa yesterday, that was a Looloo. I'm going to have it, too. The Man wants 200 for it."

They were so busy looking at the new Duds they did not notice that Edward had fallen back with the Lock-Jaw. He recovered sufficiently to find his way to the Boarding House but he destroyed the $100-a-Year Estimate, and the Real Thing was never again annoyed by having him call her up on the Phone.

MORAL: There is always one Way of getting rid of him.

The Fable of the Married Girl who Ran the Eating Station for Luminaries

ONCE there was a Patient Man who had one kind of a Wife. Something hurt her all the time but she couldn't tell just what it was. She was afflicted with Soul-Hunger. She was a New Woman. In fact she was one of the Newest Women that ever came out of a Book Store and she was Fresh every Hour.

When the Latest Fad struck Town she appointed herself a Reception Committee and hurried out as far as the Railroad Bridge to welcome it. She loved to mess around with little Clubs that went on Young Hyson Jags and then groped after the Whatness of something. If she could land in with a dreamy Bunch and sit in a Front Room with all the Curtains pulled down and the Candles shaded, while a Lady who never had ruined her Shape read a Puzzle Paper that got past every one

who heard it, then the Wife of the Plain Man thought she was having the Time of her Life.

She loved to flirt with the Unknowable and occasionally take a Fall out of the Occult.

But she had no Time for anything she could Understand. She preferred to sail through the Ethereal Regions of the Bamboo Dreams, hanging by one Toe and having a Rush of Blood to the Head.

As suggested at the Beginning of the Fable, the Poor Woman did not know what hurt her but she proceeded on the Theory that the Higher Intellectual Life consisted of Equal Parts of Vertigo and Guess-Work.

All this meant Fine Business for the Boy who in a Careless Moment had promised to Love, Honor and Obey. She sprang a new Series of Curves on him every Week or two. Sometimes he suspected that she had gone aft to the Wheel-House but he didn't like to say so on account of the Children. So he continued to play Angel to her Continuous Performance.

The Wife, whose name was Azalea, used to go out and dig up all kinds of Geniuses and take them up to the House and Feed them. She considered it a great honor to have some melancholy Person with an unusual kind of Hair come up to their Number and eat about $2 worth of Chow.

She and the Genius would sit at opposite ends of the Table and ping-pong a line of inspired Conversation that never touched Husband at all. He couldn't even keep Score.

Azalea never could find time for a straight-away Business Man who wore a Sack Suit and an ordinary Collar and talked about what had been in the Morning Paper. No indeed, for she was on the look-out for Rare Birds.

She went to a Paderewski Concert once and when the Artist with the crinkly Mop leaned over the Gee Side of the Key-Board and began to tear off the Quarter-Notes with his Eyes closed, it was then that Azalea tried to climb over the Foot-Lights and steal a Kiss.

Azalea always had a number of Musical Mokes on her Staff. When she had a Soiree,

Azalea.

the Plain Husband would go away back and sit down behind a Rubber Plant or an Orange Tree where no one could see him. He knew that the Music was Good but it did not sound right to him.

Azalea did not put in all of her time with the Musickers. One day she came home and said that she had discovered the greatest Literary Genius ever born in Captivity—one who would sooner or later make Hall Caine look like 3 cents worth of Saleratus.

"How do you know he is a Genius?" asked the Plain Husband, who was becoming Leery of her Finds.

"He told me so," she replied. "And he has consented to Dine here."

"That will be sweet Billiards," said the Plain Husband. "When I come home at Night all tuckered, there is nothing cheers me more than to listen to an incipient Author with a 16 Collar on a 14½ Neck."

"But this one is a Remarkable Character," said Azalea. "He is so Erratic that every one is talking about him. He has worn the

'Azalea's Husband.

same Hat for nine years and sometimes he sits for Hours at a time without speaking to any one. He has made a great Rep for himself by throwing down People who are trying to be kind to him. His favorite Specialty is making Cracks about those who Entertain him. I have no doubt that he will go away and say the most Sarcastic Things about us, but then you must expect that from a Genius."

"I'll bet that he won't say any worse things about us than I say about him," said the Plain Husband. "What time does the Genius arrive?"

"You never can tell," was the Reply. "He is so Great that he scorns to keep his Appointments, but if he comes at all, it will be somewhere between five and nine."

"I will go and stock up the Side-Board," said the Plain Husband.

The Genius arrived at 9.30 and said all he wanted for Dinner was four Bowls of Soup and an Orange. Azalea thought he was charmingly Eccentric. It would be wrong to tell what the Plain Husband thought.

Azalea had a way of uncovering Lady Reformers who were above the Fripperies of Dress. Every week or so the Plain Husband would arrive at the House to find everything upset in Honor of some longitudinal Empress in the World of Thought who glared at him through Steel Specs and wore her Wens in the most unexpected Places. Any time that the Plain Husband bumped against a Proposition of this kind, he folded up like a Pocket Camera. When it came time to Carve he would be so Nervous that every Slice looked as if it had been put through a Fluting Machine.

This went on for Years. He used to tell on the Outside, when he was in his Cups, that he was conducting a first-class Boarding House for Freaks. Azalea put it differently. She said that she had entertained more Whales than any other Woman along the Street.

But the Dorsal Vertebræ of the long-suffering Camel may be weighted to the Point of Fracture and there came a Day when the Plain Husband riz up. He invited a few Friends to Dinner and then notified Azalea. She

scanned the List and then threw a couple of Throes.

"Nobody ever heard of these Folks," she said.

"That is why it will be such a blamed Relief to have them around," said the Plain Husband. "I long for the sight of those who Comb it in the Ordinary Way and talk about something besides Themselves. I have got good and tired of looking at Genius through Smoked Glasses. Before I die I should like to attend just one Dinner Party at which the Host would cut a little Ice. And to-morrow this Sign goes up at the Front Portal: 'No Tramps, Beggars, Peddlers or Geniuses need apply.'"

Moral: It gives one a Crick in the Neck to look up all the Time.

The Fable of the Girl who had Her Reasoning Powers with Her

A CERTAIN hard-working Butterfly who met a Girl in the Afternoon and called on her that Evening, had a little System of his own. He believed that the correct Method was to tell each New One all about how the Others were crazy to Land him. This would show that he was a Popular Young Fellow and would make the New One a little more eager to cut the others out.

The System worked so well that he used it all the time. He kept his Pockets full of Letters and Photographs to prove that he was No. 1 with at least a Dozen of them, and in order to make it very Strong he had a few Presents of Jewelry that he would show, under his Coat, when he became very Confidential.

Said he to himself: "The short-sighted Lothario sits alongside of his Lovey-Dove and tells her that she is the only one in the whole Patch, but I let her know that I am more than Friendly with at least five or six. Competition

is the life of Courtship. I play one against another. It's a Shame the Way I String them."

It chanced that this Circulating Suitor one day met a sweet and shapely Venus and immediately flashed his Date-Book.

"Have you any Open Time?" he asked.

"Come up to-morrow Evening," she replied. "I have another Booking but I will cancel it."

He arrived before she had her Make-Up on. He started early, because he had so much to tell her. She didn't know him very well, so it was necessary to give her a Line on his Record as a Girl-Subduer.

She came down and he got Busy. He showed her a Ring that had been given to him one Night in a Boat, and he let her read part of the Letters to prove that they called him Darling Boy and he told how several Weddings had been postponed in the Hope that he, the Idol of the Ladies and the Envy of the Men, might change his Mind.

The Girl was intensely interested. For a

" Scat! "

Woman to be a Man's Confidante in a throbbing Love Affair is unadulterated feminine Luxury.

Along about 11 o'clock he thought he had her sufficiently Enthralled, so he placed himself on the Sofa and attempted to take her Hand.

"Scat, You Trifler!" exclaimed the Beautiful Maiden, repulsing him. "No Member of the Tell Club can do the Fondle around This House. When you get ready to publish your Book on the Confessions of a Male Coquette, you will have to omit the Chapter about Me, because I am not going to give you any Souvenirs, or write you any give-away Letters or send my Photo. I have learned to put a Nixey Label on the Man who tells all he Knows."

Moral: The Man who tells you about the Last One, will tell the Next One about you.

The Fable of the Fellow who had a Friend who Knew a Girl who had a Friend

ONCE there was a Utility Man who drew whatever was left.

His regular Assignment was to take care of the Discard. Whenever an Extra Man was needed at the last Moment some one called up the Mark and told him to hurry over. Then when he arrived he could take his Pick of the One that was left in the Bone-Yard after all the rest had drawn Cards.

One of his regular Specialties was to keep the Chaperon busy. After he had worked at this for a few Seasons he could not figure that he was anything to the good except a few Panel Pictures of Elderly Married Ladies. It is lovely Sport to be Esteemed by the Mothers' Club but once in a while he would secretly pine for something that scaled under 35. His Heart had been on Short Rations for so long that it was about the size of a Golf Ball. He

was getting good and sore on the Patsy Bolivar Job. As soon as any one began to give him the old come-on about being one Man shy he would start in to back up and try to think of another Date.

He cut out his Position as First Aid to the Chaperons and began to hint around that he was willing to meet an attractive and refined Young Lady; object, Matrimony. He had some Acquaintances who started in to help him.

Said one of them: "I have a Dream planted up the Street here and she has a Friend. I will get her on the Phone and have her send for the Friend. We will drop in about 9 o'clock and everything will be Grand. I want you to see this Nectarine that I'm tied up with. When she walks down the street they jump out of the Windows."

"I am not worrying so much about her," said the Mark. "Tell me something about the Friend."

"She can certainly teach a Piano how to take a Joke," was the Reply.

The Nectarine.

"So can a Pianola," said the Mark. "Is she a Looker? That's what I want to know."

"I'll tell you how it is," said the Shell-Worker. "When you take the first Flash you don't care so much for her. But after you get to Talking to her you forget all about it, especially if you don't look at her."

"It might help some if I wore Blinders," said the Mark. "I think I'm due to be Stung but I'll take a Chance."

In the meantime the Nectarine had torn over to see Friend.

"Oh Irene!" she exclaimed, "Wilfred just called me up and said he knew a Man that was crazy to meet you. He's going to bring him up to-night."

"Would it be Nice to meet a Stranger as if by Appointment?" asked Irene, as she reached for the Curling-Iron and got ready to Primp.

"Oh, what do we care?" said the Nectarine. "Let's raise the Dickens. Wilfred said they would blow in about 9 o'clock."

"All right," said the Friend. "I will be there a little before 8."

When the Mark was Presented there happened to be a large Japanese Screen between him and the Window, so that gave him no chance to Jump. Friend shoved him back into a Window Seat and asked him to put a Cushion behind her. Then she started in to twist the Buttons off his Coat and tell him how much she had heard about him. She said he had an Interesting Face. He had a Notion to come back but he didn't think it would be right.

She said that very few People understood her—that she was not Bad at Heart but merely out for a Good Time. Then she said about 4,000,000 other Things along the same Lines that he did not recall afterward because he was trying to figure out some Scheme to Break Away.

The Bunko Man had the Nectarine on the other side of the Screen. He was in no Rush because they were telling each other the Histories of their Rings.

Irene.

After the Boys had gone Irene said that Wilfred's Friend seemed to be a Perfect Gentleman but he was very Quiet.

"How was she?" asked Wilfred, when he and the Mark stopped to light up.

"I don't know," was the Reply. "I didn't hear her play the Piano."

"They are expecting us again To-morrow Night," remarked Wilfred.

"Not for my Money," said the Mark.

So Wilfred had to go back and give them the Old One about his Friend being called out of Town. Soon after that another Professional Caller tackled the Mark and asked him, "Are you hooked up for To-night? If not, I am going up to frivol with a Corker who thinks the World of me and I want you to go along and take care of a Friend."

"Why is it that I get the Excess Baggage?" asked the Mark. "Before I start, tell me what I am going against."

"I have never seen her," said the Capper. "She is here on a Visit. But I have it right that she is very Well Read."

"I am not running around in the Night Air to improve my Mind," said the Mark. "Something tells me that this is another Time when I get it in the Collar-Button, but I may be wrong, so I will go."

That Evening he was handed a Large One whose particular Lay was that Men did not seem to know what Women suffered. She said they were Oh, so Indifferent and soon Forgot. The Mark hoped that it might be so. He had a very yellow Evening but the one who had taken him along had a Time, so it was all right.

After being landed twice, the Mark was so Leery that he refused to allow anybody to stake him to a Good Thing.

He began to take Observations and discovered that every Hot-Looker had a Friend that she carried along as a Background and also to find out what People were saying. In order to prevent Competition, the Hot-Looker usually selected a Pal who did not stack up to any extent as a Beauty Queen but was easy to get along with.

THE FELLOW WHO HAD A FRIEND

The Mark saw that he could not make Love on the Personally Conducted Plan, so he went out on a Still Hunt all by himself. He found a Girl who had a Friend but he cut a wide Circle around Friend and nailed Girl.

Then he got into the Confidence Game himself and hunted around for some one who would go along and talk to the Chromo and keep her out of the Way.

MORAL: The Birds of Paradise very seldom fly into the Trap.

The Fable of the Roundabout Way in which Gilbert Made Himself Strong with Alice

GILBERT was engaged to marry Refined Alice, Daughter of the Commission Merchant.

He was on the List of Eligibles that every Mother in Town had in her Writing Desk. The Parents on both sides of the Fence had given their Consent. All Preliminaries had been arranged. There was not a Cloud in the Sky. It was a tame everyday, colorless kind of Courtship and that is why it did not suit Alice.

She wanted to be Engaged to some one who would send a Secret Message by the Faithful Servant and then climb a Rope-Ladder and try to Kiss her through a Screen Window. Her Idea of meeting a Lover was to slip out on a Dark Night and find him at the Trysting-Place, muffled in a Cloak. There was no particular Excitement in being under Contract to one who came in the Front Way. So she

wearied of the Alliance and Gilbert began to have Visions of himself on a Siding and getting the Red Light.

He knew that she wanted a Love Affair with a few streaks of Melodrama in it and rather than pass up a Good Thing he fixed it for her.

He got her Father into a Poker Party and bluffed him out of his Money and then joshed him. Alice's Father went home and said that he had been mistaken in the Young Man and perhaps she had better call the Deal off. Then a lot of Gilbert's Friends went around to see her and they began to Rap. They told her that Gilbert was an all-night Bat and a Sport and that he had a Past.

"They are trying to Separate us," said Alice, with her Hand on her Heart. "But Courage, Sweetheart! I will be True."

Gilbert wrote and said he dared not come to the House, for fear her Father would take a Shot at him, but if she loved him, to put a Lamp in the Window and he would be outside in the Rain, waiting to learn his Fate. It was a happy Night for Alice.

Reunited.

Next day she told her Parents that unless they permitted her to marry the Man of her Heart, she would abjure the World and enter a Convent. They yielded and when Gilbert returned she made a running Leap for him and gave him the kind of Reception that he had been wanting all the time.

Moral: A Woman never Clings until some one starts to Pull in the Opposite Direction.

The Fable of Eugene who Walked the Length of the Counter Before Making His Selection

ONCE there was a Boy named Eugene.

About the time that he shook the Sailor Collar and began to wear Galluses instead of buttoning them to the Waist, he had his first Attack.

He went off his Feed and moaned in his Sleep. His Mother, not suspecting that the Divine Passion could find room to operate in a 90-Pounder, thought he had Cholera Infantum. She began to shoot the Pain-Killer into him but it failed to touch the Spot.

Little Eugene had gone Mushy on the Lady who taught his Sunday-School Class. She was doing her 35th Lap and had a Husband who led the Choir, but these Trifles did not bother the Kid. He had it all cribbed up to kill the Husband in a Duel and carry Loved One off to a lonely Island where they could live Crusoe Fashion. He used to send Teacher an

The First One.

occasional Card showing a couple of fat Pigeons nestling under a Mess of Spinach and also a little Couplet to the Effect that as sure as the Vine grows round the Stump she was his little Sugar Lump. He picked her Currants for her and wouldn't take Money for it and he loafed around the Kitchen when she was making her Apple Butter until at last she sent him Home with a little Note to his Maw, advising her to put him in heavier Flannels and make him drink Sassafras Tea each Night.

Eugene pined away for a couple of Days and then transferred his Pollywog Affections to an Old Maid who stood at the General Delivery Window at the Post-Office. He wrote for Seed Catalogues and Terms to Agents so as to have an Excuse to speak to Angel. She up and married the Station Agent. Eugene had to go out and forget his Sorrow in Base-Ball and Pull-Away.

In due Time he went to a Fresh-Water College and here he began to yearn for another Kind. It happened that he went out Botanizing with a slender Co-Ed who wore Nose-

Glasses and had an Intellect that made a Noise like a Dynamo. Frequently they did their Algebra together and he wrote Notes to her in Latin telling her that she was All Right.

Along about this time his Idea of Paradise come down to Earth was to own a snug little Library and sit in it every Evening reading aloud to a tall-browed Helpmeet. He wrote several Essays on Women and sprung them on the Pythagorean Literary Society. He said that every Maverick who was cow-trailing around over the Sand-Lots of this dreary Life had an Affinity concealed somewhere in the Brush and the Game was to hunt her up and then stick to her like Spalding's Glue. He allowed that the real Girline Charms did not depend upon Frizzes and Make-Up. Eugene was strong for the Beauty of Soul which would wear for Years and look just as well on one Side as on the Other.

When he graduated he was keen to do the Library Act with the cogitative Co-Ed. Upon searching himself he found that his Assets consisted of a hand-worked Diploma, a few

College Dream.

Dance Programmes and a Badge of the Oota Bazoota Frat. He decided to cut out the Private Reading Circle until he could see his Way clear to get enough to pay for the License.

Having settled in the City he gave a busy Imitation of a Bright Young Fellow who is trying to side-step the Potter's Field. At the Boarding House where he coaled there was a Head Waitress who carried a Remarkable Shape for one who had to be on her Feet all day. She never had been beyond the 3rd Grade in the Grammar School but when they had Chicken she always slipped Gene the Second Joint and she had his Paper propped up for him when he came to Breakfast. He gave her several long Rides on the Cars and there might have been something doing if Eugene had not had his Salary whooped. He moved into a first-class, pruneless Family Hotel and got into the Habit of carrying Money in his Clothes. In the meantime the Co-Ed was off in Minnesota somewhere, teaching School.

Around the Hotel there were all Kinds and

Eugene, who was now 30 and had mislaid his Diploma, found that he no longer had an uncontrollable Desire to buckle up with those who wore Specs and could tear the lining out of Synthetic Philosophy.

When he ambled around after Dinner he had his Port Eye out for a larksome Looloo who would pin Flowers on him and tease him to take her to a Lively Show. He began to buy Jack Roses for all who were under 22. He framed his Dresser with Carbon Photos of Mazies and Lilians and Madges. One of the upper Drawers smelled like the front part of a Drug Store and was filled with Square Envelopes addressed in the scraggly, dislocated Writing that looks like a Profile Drawing of the Sierra Nevadas.

Eugene was now too Busy to think of Matrimony. He had eight or nine on his Books at one time and the main Joy of his Life was to burn up his Income in such a way that it would give a fleeting Hour of Happiness to a dimpled Bud weighing anywhere from 85 to 115 Pounds.

The Library which he had planned in the Cloisters of Learning consisted of a Date-Book and a Volume telling how to cook Things in a Chafing-Dish.

By and by it came about that Eugene had a thin Spot on top of his Head. The little Snips who hopped out of the Nursery into Sassiety every Fall started in to call him Papa and Nunky. He began to count the Years and decided that he was due to take the High Jump.

But he did not choose any Lady who taught in the Sunday School. Neither did he swing on any Old Maid at the General Delivery. His Heart did not hone and hanker for any Female Emerson or any stately and superior Head Waitress. Even the Society Queen who had been worked out for a couple of Seasons did not appeal to Eugene. He put his Tag on a blonde Canary 17 Years of Age who spelled Sure with an H and had from 7 to 9 Thoughts every 24 Hours. But she was very Easy to Look at. And the only call that he made on

The Finish.

her Intellect was to please regard him as The Works.

Moral: The only Cinch Method of avoiding Misplays is to wait until one knows his Mind.

The Fable of the Reckless Wife who had no One to Watch Her

A YOUNG Couple sat and looked devouringly at each other for the first six months of the Life Sentence and finally it became rather trying on the Eyes. Therefore he was glad to be called away for a couple of Days. It was his first Vacation since leasing the Flat, and he sent word to some of his former Running Mates to meet him at the Train, as he could transact his Business in about 20 Minutes, after which he would remove his Bridle and begin to burn Holes in the Track.

They knew just what would appeal to a quiet Home Body, 400 miles from his own Fireside. They took him in Tow and gave him a Square Meal every Hour. Then they stood him under a Shower Bath and turned the whole Wine Card on him. He played Golf Pool until he was chalked all over and then he played Poker until he had to feel to see if the Ante was there. The Clerk at the Hotel

Young Couple.

saw him twice—once when he Registered and once when he came to get his Baggage. He fell into a Sleeper and told the Porter to make up Berths until ordered to stop. In the morning when he awoke with a Head of Seven Gables and reached for his Bromo, he realized that he had Enjoyed himself.

While he was away, working a combine of Business and Recreation, the Wife went on a regular Lark. She called in a former Chum and they sallied out in their Circus Gowns and ordered up Pine Apple Soda regardless and took in a Matinee where the Leading Man looked right at them occasionally and then they ate Marshmallows all the way Home. They put on Old Wrappers and cooked something in a Chafing-Dish, and the Wife brought out some of her Preserved Letters and read them and then they turned in together and giggled half the Night.

But, fortunately, the Husband never found out how she had carried on.

Moral: The Reaction is something Terrible.

The Fable of the Cut-up who Came very Near Losing His Ticket, but who Turned Defeat into Victory

IN a Prairie Hamlet, far from the madding Department Store, where arrogant Wealth did not flaunt itself before the Humble, and where the People were so Primitive that they did not know how to get Money except by Working for it, they were making large Preparations to tear Things wide open at Christmas.

All through the abbreviated Community, the Women Folks were feverishly popping Corn, and cracking Hickory-Nuts on a Flat-Iron and making home-made Candy. The Unmarried Kind were secretively working on Yarn Mittens.

There was to be a Tree at the Church and preceding the Distribution of Presents there was to be a Show, alias a Methodist Vaudeville, which consists of Pieces, Responsive Readings

and the best that the Choir can do. The Druggist in this Village had laid in what he called an Elegant Assortment of Holiday Goods. He had all of Will Carleton's Poems and a Counter covered with fragile Toys that smelled of the Paint, also an attractive Line of Perfumeries and some Toilet Sets. One of these Toilet Sets was the Prize Exhibit. The Comb and Brushes were of Celluloid, the Amber and White being scrambled in a very effective Manner. The Druggist was willing to give a Guarantee that the Bristles were Real. This Toilet Set reposed in a puckered Nest of Yellow Satin. The Box was of Blue Plush with a neat Clasp and on the Lid was the Following, in Silver Letters: " Merry X-Mas."

Every Girl in Town came into the Drug Store and leaned on the Show-Case and gazed longingly at the Work of Art. It was evident that the local Beau who loosened up for $6.50 would win in a Canter. But there was general Doubt as to whether any one would be so Reckless as to fork over $6.50, just for Foolishness. All who went into the Drug

The Work of Art.

Store and Stood in Solemn Silence, admiring the Blue Plush, the Yellow Satin and the gleaming Celluloid, conceded that the Outfit was Purty, but they allowed it was too Fine for Actual Use. It was supposed that the Box alone would come to $3. Some said the Letters on the Lid were genuine Silver. Others contended that they were merely Plated.

In every Household the Toilet Set was a fruitful Topic. The general Verdict appeared to be that, in all probability, the Druggist would either have to knock off something on the Price or else be Stuck. There had been one or two Offers of $5 for the *Pièce de Résistance*, but the Druggist claimed that he had paid more than that for it, Wholesale.

Three Days before Christmas there appeared on the Yellow Satin a Card marked "Sold." The News spread like Wild-Fire that some one had blown himself to the Limit. There was but one Question agitating the whole Village for the next two Days. "Who will get the Toilet Set for Christmas?" Speculation ran rife and every Girl who kept

Company was hoping against Hope, even though her cold Judgment told her that, in all likelihood, her Fellow had not seen $6.50 in six long Months.

The Druggist had been pledged to Secrecy and it became evident that the Populace would have to wait until Christmas to have its Curiosity appeased. So it waited with a lot of Impatience.

The Village Wag, whose name was Amos, had been one of Several who looked at the Toilet Set and counted their Money and passed out. He loved a Girl named Luella, but he had a Frugal Mind. It seemed to him that it would be more Sensible to save his Money and make a First Payment on a Home. Besides, the Poultry Business had been a little Slack and he couldn't see himself giving up $6.50 for a dosh-burned Gimcrack that was no Account except to look at. So he gave up 60 Cents for an Autograph Album and let it go at that. He would have gone ahead and bought something for a Dollar, only Amos thought he had a Cinch. His only Rival for

the Hand of Luella was Tallmadge N. Crockett, proprietor of the Livery and Feed Stable. Amos was so much more Comic and Conversational than Tallmadge and had such a Taking Way that he wasn't for a Minute afraid of being Cut Out by Tallmadge.

Being the recognized Village Wag, Amos was called upon to impersonate Santa Claus at the Christmas Tree Entertainment. Amos was a born Romp, and the Congregation was sure of many a Hearty Laugh when he came in as Santy and began to cut Didoes.

Amos borrowed a Buffalo Robe, a Strand of Bells and a Fur Cap. He rigged up a Set of Cotton Whiskers and prepared to be even Funnier than usual.

On Christmas Eve the Church put them in the Aisles, so great was the Interest in the Tree. The Superintendent of the Sunday School, looking unusually pale and scrubbed-up and smelling of Bay Rum, stood up in front of the Tree and made an Address that was Facetious, from his Point of View. The Choir sang one of its hardest Anthems and after two

The Superintendent.

or three other Inflictions, Amos, the Merry Andrew, came in as Santa Claus and did some of his best Comedy Acting. He galloped up and down the Aisles and scared several Children in Arms into Convulsions. Then he went up to the Tree to assist the droll Superintendent in distributing Presents. As a Team they were expected to spring a great many timely Quips, right on the Spur of the Moment.

While standing by the Tree, waiting for the Infant Class to conclude a Carol, Amos saw on a Table the magnificent Toilet Set, with the $6.50 Mark still on it. He drew nearer to read the attached Card and almost fainted with Horror when he saw the Name of Luella in the well-known Hand-Writing of Tallmadge N. Crockett. The Shock was so great that everything Swam before his Gaze, the same as in a Natatorium. He could not see anything except his own Finish. When Luella came to compare the superb Toilet Set and the 60-cent Autograph Album, he knew that he would not be One-Two-Seven. He was inspired to a Desperate Action. He happened to remember that

Celluloid contains Gun Cotton and Camphor and other high Explosives. The Infant Class stood between him and the Congregation. Stealthily he plucked a lighted Candle from the Tree and dropped it on the Toilet Set. Then he leaped over the Rail. There was a terrific Report, a flash of Fire, an odor of Camphor and the Air was full of Infant Class. A Panic ensued. Throwing off his Disguise of White Cotton Whiskers, Amos gathered Luella in his Arms and carried her to a Place of Safety. She called him "Preserver" and refused to let go of him. When Quiet was restored, there was nothing left of the Toilet Set except the Clasp and the letters spelling "Merry X-Mas."

MORAL: True Love will prevail against the Vulgar Bank Roll, even at Christmas-Time.

The Fable of the Shower of Blows that Came Down on Paw

TILLIE had been away for Three Months attending Madame Skagiac's School for teaching Young Ladies how to wither their Parents. She came home with a tan-colored Automobile and a good deal of Hat, looking as flip as a real Actress. The antique Hay-Maker who had been sending the Money greeted her with Open Arms.

"Gal, I'm tarnation tickled to see you Hum again," he said. "How be ye?"

"Oh, Papa!" she exclaimed, turning deathly Pale. "You have no Collar or Cravat and you are addressing me while in your Shirt Sleeves. Your Hair is parted on the wrong side. Your Vest is three years to the way-back, and to look at the Bag in your Trousers one would think that you were getting ready to make a Jump. You ought to wear Link Cuffs instead of the kind you have on, and, for mercy goodness sake, get yourself a pair of Button Shoes instead of those Scows.

Papa.

And if you expect to meet any of my Friends who are coming to see me during the Holidays, you will have to ring a few Changes on your Grammar, Pronunciation and Accent. When you saw me just now, you should have said, 'Matilde, I am indeed delighted to welcome you Home. I trust that you are enjoying good Health.' Brace up, Papa, Your Execution is very Lumpy."

"Matilde!" he repeated. "Matilde!"

She had buncoed the Family Bible and brought home a new Name.

Moral: The Change may be effected in from six to nine Weeks.

The Fable of how one Brave Patsy Worked Himself into the King-Row

A YOUNG Man who was Jimming around in Society learned that among the Women of his Acquaintance the Olive stuffed with Red Peppers was more popular than the Gum-Drop. Up to that time he had been dealing in Gum-Drops. He had worked along on the Theory that my Lady Isabelle hankered for nothing but sugar-coated Compliments. All the other Young Fellows followed the same Method. If their Conversation had been set to Music, they could have done it as a Chorus.

He broke away and played the Candid Friend game. He told their Fortunes and showed up their Defects. Instead of praising the Costume of a Lady Friend, he would tell her, on the Q. T., that some other Color was more becoming. He would deliberately pick a Quarrel so as to have a warm little Tiff and a Reconciliation. They began to be afraid of him and they paid more Attention to him.

Candid Friend.

When he did yield a Point and bestow a Smile of Praise, the Lady knew it was Sincere. In the meantime all the Boys in the Second Division could not understand why the Women took such an Interest in the Professional Cynic. They never seemed to grasp the Fact that the Olive stuffed with Red Peppers is an Antidote for Gum Drops.

Moral: Even Sincerity becomes monotonous when made a regular Diet.

The Fable of Lutie, the False Alarm, and How She Finished About the Time that She Started

LUTIE was an Only Child. When Lutie was eighteen her Mother said they ought to do something with Lutie's Voice. The Neighbors thought so, too. Some recommended killing the Nerve. Others allowed that it ought to be Pulled.

But what Mamma meant was that Lutie ought to have it cultivated by a Professor. She suspected that Lutie had a Career awaiting her, and would travel with an Elocutionist some day and have her Picture on the Programme.

Lutie's Father did not warm up to the Suggestion. He was rather Near when it came to frivoling away the National Bank Lithographs. But pshaw! The Astute Reader knows what happens in a Family when Mother and the Only Child put their Heads together to whipsaw the Producer.

Lutie.

One day they shouldered him into a Corner and extorted a Promise. Next Day Lutie started to Take.

She bought a red leather Cylinder marked "Music," so that people would not take it to be Lunch. Every morning about 9 o'clock she would wave the Housework to one side and tear for a Trolley. Her Lessons cost the Family about twenty cents a Minute. She took them in a large Building full of Vocal Studios. People who didn't know used to stop in front of the Place and listen, and think it was a Surgical Institute.

There were enough Soprani in this one Plant to keep Maurice Grau stocked up for a Hundred Years. Every One thought she was the Particular One who would sooner or later send Melba back to Australia and drive Sembrich into the Continuous. Lutie was just about as Nifty as the Next One.

When she was at Home she would suck Lemons and complain about Draughts and tell why she didn't like the Other Girls' Voices. She began to act like a Prima Don-

na, and her Mother was encouraged a Lot. Lutie certainly had the Artistic Temperament bigger than a Church Debt.

Now before Lutie started in to do Things to her Voice she occasionally Held Hands with a Young Man in the Insurance Business, named Oliver. This Young Man thought that Lutie was all the Merchandise, and she regarded him as Permanent Car-Fare.

But when Lutie began to hang out at the Studios she took up with the Musical Set that couldn't talk about anything but Technique and Shading and the Motif and the Vibrato. She began to fill up the Parlor with her new Friends, and the first thing Oliver knew he was in the Side Pocket and out of the Game.

In his own Line this Oliver was as neat and easy-running as a Red Buggy, but when you started him on the topic of Music he was about as light and speedy as a Steam Roller. Ordinarily he knew how to behave himself in a Flat, and with a good Feeder to work back at him he could talk about Shows and Foot-

Ball Games and Things to Eat, but when any one tried to draw him out on the Classics, he was unable to Qualify. In short, he was a Crab.

When Lutie and her Musical Acquaintances told about Shopan and Batoven he would sit back so quiet that often he got numb below the Hips. He was afraid to move his Feet for fear some one would notice he was still in the Parlor and ask him how he liked Fugue No. 11, by Bock. He had never heard of any of these People, because they did not carry Tontine Policies with his Company.

Oliver saw that he would have to scratch the Musical Set or else begin to Read Up, so he changed his Route. He cancelled all Time with Lutie, and made other Bookings.

Lutie then selected for her Steady a Young Man with Hair who played the 'Cello. He was so wrapped up in his Art that he acted Dopey most of the time, and often forgot to send out the Laundry so as to get it back the same Week. Furthermore he didn't fly

to the Suds any too often. He never saw more than $3 at one time; but when he snuggled up alongside of a 'Cello and began to tease the long, sad Notes out of it, you could tell that he had a Soul for Music. Lutie thought he was Great, but what Lutie's Father thought of him could never get past the Censor. Lutie's Father regarded the whole Musical Set as a Fuzzy Bunch. He began to think that in making any Outlay for Lutie's Vocal Training he had bought a Gold Brick. When he first consented to her taking Lessons his Belief had been that after she had practiced for about one Term she would be able to sit up to the Instrument along in the Dusk before the Lamps were lit, and sing "When the Corn is Waving, Annie Dear," "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," or else "Juanita." These were the Songs linked in his Memory with some Purple Evenings of the Happy Long Ago. He knew they were Chestnuts, and had been called in, but they suited him, and he thought that inasmuch as he had put up the Wherewith for

Lutie's Lessons he ought to have some kind of a Small Run for his Money.

Would Lutie sing such Trash? Not she. She was looking for Difficult Arias from the Italian, and she found many a one that was Difficult to sing, and probably a little more Difficult to Listen To.

The Voice began to be Erratic, also. When Father wanted to sit by the Student's Lamp and read his *Scribner's*, she would decide to hammer the Piano and do the whole Repertoire.

But when Mother had Callers and wanted Lutie to Show Off, then she would hang back and have to be Coaxed. If she didn't have a Sore Throat, then the Piano was out of Tune, or else she had left all of her Good Music at the Studio, or maybe she just couldn't Sing without some one to Accompany her. But after they had Pleaded hard enough, and everybody was Embarrassed and sorry they had come, she would approach the Piano timidly and sort of Trifle with it for awhile, and say they would have to make

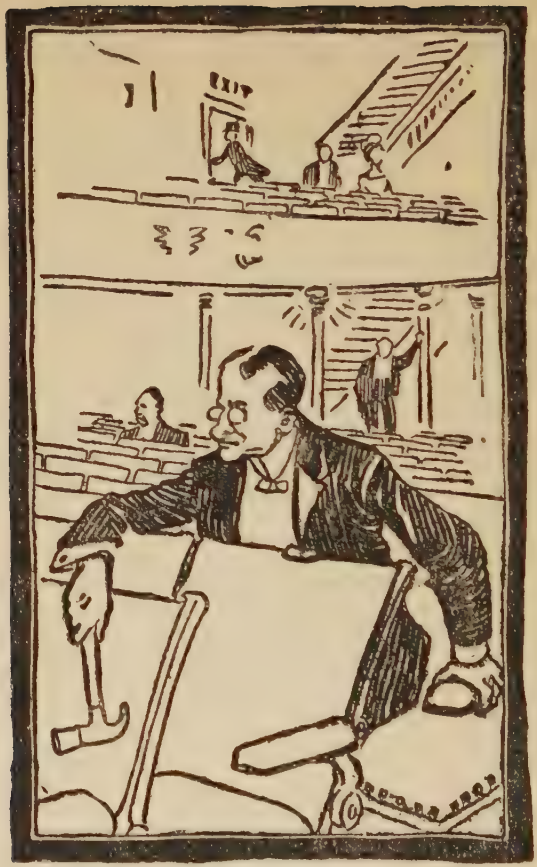
Allowances, and then she would Cut Loose and worry the whole Block. The Company would sit there, every one showing the Parlor Face and pretending to be entranced, and after she got through they would Come To and tell how Good she was.

She made so many of these Parlor Triumphs that there was no Holding her. She had herself Billed as a Nightingale. Often she went to Soirées and Club Entertainments, volunteering her Services, and nowhere did she meet a Well-Wisher who took her aside and told her she was a Shine—in fact, the Champion Pest.

No, Lutie never got out of her Dream until she made a bold Sashay with a Concert Company. It was her Professional Début.

Father fixed it. The Idea of any one paying Real Money to hear Lutie sing struck him as being almost Good enough to Print. But she wouldn't be Happy until she got it, and so she Got It right where the Newport Lady wears the Rope of Pearls.

On the First Night the mean old Critics,



Critic.

who didn't know her Father or Mother, and had never been entertained at the House, came and got in the Front Row, and defied Lutie to come on and Make Good. Next Morning they said that Lutie had Blow-Holes in her Voice; that she hit the Key only once during the Evening, and then fell off backward; that she was a Ham, and her Dress didn't fit her, and she lacked Stage Presence. They expressed Surprise that she should be attempting to Sing when any bright Girl could learn to pound a Type-Writer in Four Weeks. They wanted to know who was responsible for her Appearance, and said it was a Shame to String these Jay Amateurs. Lutie read the Criticisms, and went into Nervous Collapse. Her Mother was all Wrought Up, and said somebody ought to go and kill the Editors. Father bore up grimly.

Before Lutie was Convalescent he had the Difficult Italian Arias carted out of the house. The 'Cello Player came to call one Day, and he was given Minutes to get out of the Ward.

By the time Oliver looked in again Lutie was more than ready to pay some Attention to him. She is now doing a few quiet Vocalizations for her Friends. When some one who hasn't Heard tells her she is good enough for Opera, they have to open the Windows and give her more Air.

Moral: When in Doubt, try it on the Box-Office.

The Fable of the Two Mandolin Players and the Willing Performer

A VERY attractive Debutante knew two Young Men who called on her every Thursday Evening, and brought their Mandolins along. They would double over and tickle the Instruments nearly to Death and then she would say that she loved Music.

One was named Fred and the other was Eustace.

The Mothers of the Neighborhood often remarked, "What Perfect Manners Fred and Eustace have!" It may be added, on the Side, that Fred and Eustace were more popular with the Mothers than they were with the Younger Set, although no one could say a Word against either of them. Only it was rumored in Keen Society that they didn't Belong. The Fact that they went Calling in a Crowd, and took their Mandolins along, may give the Acute Reader some idea of the

Fred and Eustace.

Life that Fred and Eustace held out to the Young Women of their Acquaintance.

The Debutante's name was Myrtle. Her Parents were very Watchful, and did not encourage her to receive Callers, except such as were known to be Exemplary Young Men. Fred and Eustace were a few of those who escaped the Black List. Myrtle always appeared to be glad to see them, and they regarded her as a Terrible Swell Girl.

Fred's Cousin came from St. Paul on a Visit; and one Day, in the Street, he saw Myrtle, and noticed that Fred tipped his Hat, and gave her a Stage Smile.

"Oh, Queen of Sheba!" exclaimed the Cousin from St. Paul, whose name was Gus, as he stood stock still and watched her Shepherd's Plaid disappear around a Corner. "She's a Bird. Do you know her well?"

"I know her Quite Well," replied Fred, coldly. "She is a Charming Girl."

"She is all of that. You're a great Describer. And now what Night are you going to take me around to Call on her?"

Fred very naturally Hemmed and Hawed. It must be remembered that Myrtle was a member of an Excellent Family, and had been schooled in the Proprieties, and it was not to be supposed that she would crave the Society of slangy old Gus, who had an Abounding Nerve, and furthermore was as Fresh as the Mountain Air.

He was the Kind of Fellow who would see a Girl twice, and then, upon meeting her the Third Time, he would go up and straighten her Cravat for her, and call her by her First Name.

Put him into a Strange Company—en route to a Picnic—and by the time the Baskets were unpacked he would have a Blonde all to himself, and she would have traded her Fan for his College Pin.

If a Fair-Looker on the Street happened to glance at him Hard he would run up and seize her by the Hand, and convince her that they had Met. And he always Got Away with it, too.

In a Department Store, while waiting for

the Cash Boy to come back with the Change, he would find out the Girl's Name, her Favorite Flower, and where a Letter would reach her.

Upon entering a Parlor Car at St. Paul, he would select a Chair next to the Most Promising One in Sight, and ask her if she cared to have the Shade lowered.

Before the Train cleared the Yards he would have the Porter bringing a Foot Stool for the Lady.

At Hastings he would be asking her if she wanted Something to Read.

At Red Wing he would be telling her that she resembled Maxine Elliott, and showing her his Watch, left to him by his Grandfather, a Prominent Virginian.

At La Crosse he would be reading the Menu Card to her, and telling her how different it is when you have Some One to join you in a Bite.

At Milwaukee he would go out and buy a Bouquet for her, and when they rode into Chicago they would be looking out of the

same Window, and he would be arranging for her Baggage with the Transfer Man. After that they would be Old Friends.

Now Fred and Eustace had been at School with Gus, and they had seen his Work, and they were not disposed to Introduce him into One of the most Exclusive Homes in the City.

They had known Myrtle for many Years; but they did not dare to Address her by her First Name, and they were Positive that if Gus attempted any of his usual Tactics with her she would be Offended; and, naturally enough, they would be Blamed for bringing him to the House.

But Gus insisted. He said he had seen Myrtle, and she Suited him from the Ground up, and he proposed to have Friendly Doings with her. At last they told him they would take him if he promised to Behave. Fred warned him that Myrtle would frown down any Attempt to be Familiar on Short Acquaintance, and Eustace said that as long as he had known Myrtle he had never Presumed to be Free and Forward with her. He had

simply played the Mandolin. That was as Far Along as he had ever got.

Gus told them not to Worry about him. All he asked was a Start. He said he was a Willing Performer, but as yet he had never been Disqualified for Crowding. Fred and Eustace took this to mean that he would not Overplay his Attentions, so they escorted him to the House.

As soon as he had been Presented, Gus showed her where to sit on the Sofa, then he placed himself about Six Inches away and began to Buzz, looking her straight in the Eye. He said that when he first saw her he mistook her for Miss Prentice, who was said to be the Most Beautiful Girl in St. Paul, only, when he came closer, he saw that it couldn't be Miss Prentice, because Miss Prentice didn't have such Lovely Hair. Then he asked her the Month of her Birth and told her Fortune, thereby coming nearer to Holding her Hand within Eight Minutes than Eustace had come in a Lifetime.

"Play something, Boys," he Ordered, just

The Willing Performer.

as if he had paid them Money to come along and make Music for him.

They unlimbered their Mandolins and began to play a Sousa March. He asked Myrtle if she had seen the New Moon. She replied that she had not, so they went Outside.

When Fred and Eustace finished the First Piece, Gus appeared at the open Window, and asked them to play "The Good Old Summer Time," which had always been one of his Favorites.

So they played that, and when they had Concluded there came a Voice from the Outer Darkness, and it was the Voice of Myrtle. She said: "I'll tell you what to Play; play the Intermezzo."

Fred and Eustace exchanged Glances. They began to Perceive that they had been backed into a Siding. With a few Potted Palms in front of them, and two Cards from the Unión, they would have been just the same as a Hired Orchestra.

But they played the Intermezzo and felt

Peevish. Then they went to the Window and looked out. Gus and Myrtle were sitting in the Hammock, which had quite a Pitch towards the Center. Gus had braced himself by Holding to the Back of the Hammock. He did not have his Arm around Myrtle, but he had it Extended in a Line parallel with her Back. What he had done wouldn't Justify a Girl in saying, "Sir!" but it started a Real Scandal with Fred and Eustace. They saw that the only Way to Get Even with her was to go Home without saying "Good Night." So they slipped out of the Side Door, shivering with Indignation.

After that, for several Weeks, Gus kept Myrtle so Busy that she had no Time to think of considering other Candidates. He sent Books to her Mother, and allowed the Old Gentleman to take Chips away from him at Poker.

They were Married in the Autumn, and Father-in-Law took Gus into the Firm, saying that he had needed a good Pusher for a Long Time.

THE TWO MANDOLIN PLAYERS

At the Wedding the two Mandolin Players were permitted to act as Ushers.

MORAL: To get a fair Trial of Speed, use a Pace-Maker.

The Fable of the Brash Drummer and the Peach who Learned that there were Others

A WELL-FIXED Mortgage Shark, residing at a Way Station, had a Daughter whose Experience was not as large as her prospective Bank Roll. She had all the component Parts of a Peach, but she didn't know how to make a Showing, and there was nobody in Town qualified to give her a quiet Hunch.

She got her Fashion Hints from a Trade Catalogue, and took her Tips on Etiquette and Behavior from the Questions and Answers Department of an Agricultural Monthly.

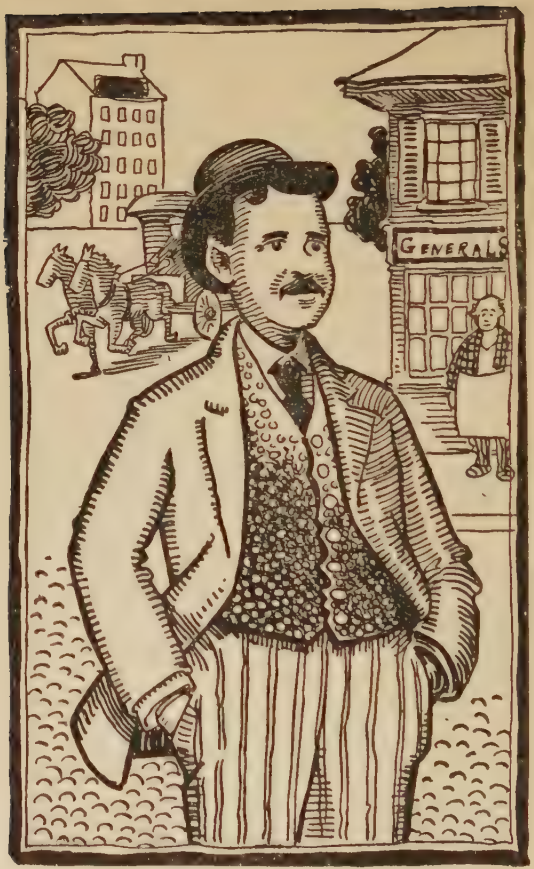
The Girl and her Father lived in a big White House, with Evergreen Trees and whitewashed Dornicks in front of it, and a Wind-Pump at the rear. Father was a good deal the same kind of a man as David Harum, except that he didn't let go of any

Christmas Presents, or work the Soft Pedal when he had a chance to apply a Crimp to some Widow who had seen Better Days. In fact, Daughter was the only one on Earth who could induce him to Loosen Up.

Now it happened that there came to this Town every Thirty Days a brash Drummer, who represented a Tobacco House. He was a Gabby Young Man and he could Articulate at all Times, whether he had anything to Say or not.

One night, at a Lawn Fête given by the Ladies of the Methodist Congregation, he met Daughter. She noticed that his Trousers did not bag at the Knees; also that he wore a superb Ring. They strolled under the Maples, and he talked what is technically known as Hot Air. He made an Impression considerably deeper than Himself. She promised to Correspond.

On the occasion of his next Visit to the Way Station, he let her wear his Ring, and made a Wish, while she took him riding in the Phaeton. He began to carry her Photo-



Gabby Will.

graph in his Watch, and show it to the Boys employed at the House. Sometimes he would fold over one of her Letters so they could see how it started out. He said the Old Man had Nothing But, and he proposed to make it a case of Marry. Truly, it seemed that he was the principal Cake in the Pantry, and little did he suspect that he could be Frosted.

But Daughter, after much Pleading, induced Father to send her to a Finishing School in the East. (A Finishing School is a Place at which Young Ladies are taught how to give the Quick Finish to all Persons who won't do.)

At School, the Daughter tied up with a Chum, who seldom overlooked a Wednesday Matinee, and she learned more in Three Weeks than her Childhood Home could have shown her in three Centuries.

Now she began to see the other Kind; the Kind that wears a Cutaway, with a White Flower, in the Morning, a Frock, with Violets in the Afternoon, and a jimmy little Tuxedo at Night.

For the first time she began to listen to Harness that had Chains to it, and she rode in Vehicles that permitted her to glance in at the Second Stories.

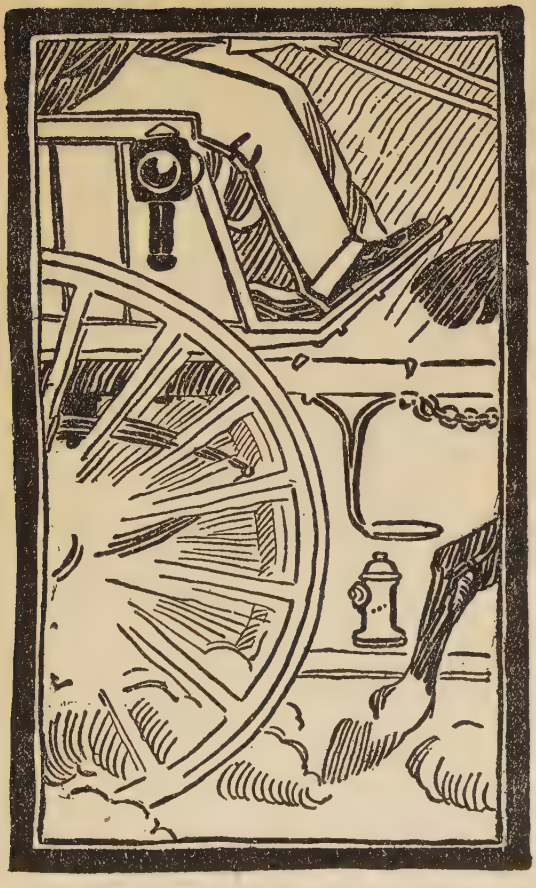
She stopped wearing Hats, and began to choose Confections. She selected them Languidly, three at a time.

Then the Bill to the Way Station, and Father down with Heart Failure.

She kept Mr. Sothern's Picture on her Dresser, with two Red Candles burning in front of it, and every time she thought of Gabby Will, the Crackerjack Salesman, she reached for the Peau d'Espagne and sprayed herself.

* * * * * *

One Day when the Tobacco Salesman came up Main Street with his Grips, on his way to visit the Trade, he met the Drug Clerk, who told him that She was Home on a Visit. So he hurried through with his Work, got a Shave, changed ends on his Cuffs, pared his Nails, bought a



In the East.

box of Marshmallows, and went out to the House.

Daughter was on the Lawn seated under a Canopy that had set Father back thirty-two Dollars. There was a Hired Hand sprinkling the Grass with a Hose, and as Will, the Conversational Drummer, came up the Long Walk, Daughter called to the Hired Hand, and said: "Johnson, there is a Strange Man coming up the Walk; change the Direction of the Stream somewhat, else you may Dampen him."

The Drummer approached her, feeling of his Necktie, and wondered if She would up and Kiss him, right in broad daylight. She didn't. Daughter allowed a rose-colored Booklet, by Guy de Maupassant, to sink among the Folds of her French Gown, and then she Looked at him and said: "All Goods must be delivered at the Rear."

"Don't you Know me?" he asked.

"Rully, it seems to me I have seen you, Somewhere," she replied, "but I cahn't place

you. Are you the Man who tunes the Piano?"

"Don't you remember the night I met you at the Lawn Fête?" he asked; and then, Chump that he was, and all Rattled, he told her his Name, instead of giving her the scorching Come-Back that he composed Next Day, when it was Too Late.

"I meet so many People traveling about," she said; "I cahn't remember all of them, you know. I dare say you called to see Pupah; he will be here Presently."

Then she gave him "Some one's else," "Neyether," "Savoir-Faire," and a few other Crisp Ones, hot from the Finishing School, after which she asked him how the Dear Villagers were coming on. He reminded her that he did not live in the Town. She said: "Only Fahncy!" and he said he guessed he'd have to be Going, as he had promised a Man to meet him at Jordan's Store before the Bank closed.

As he moved toward the St. Nicholas Hotel he kept his hand on his Solar Plexus.

At five o'clock he rode out of Town on a Local.

MORAL: Anybody can Win unless there happens to be a Second Entry.

CENTRAL BO
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